THE COMMONWEAL

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INSIDE AND OUT

THE world is pooling its well-being to such an extent that the international result of Wall Street's disastrous little game has not gone unnoticed. Indeed some observers have probably been led to simplify the problem beyond measure, attributing to the gold standard and other factors an unwarranted importance. Modern industry has created the firmly interlocking productive community, inside which politics, business and mere psychology cohere in a manner undreamed of years ago. For Germany, by way of example, the past months have been far more disturbing than is generally realized. A considerable number of business failures have been reported there, the effect of which is to intensify the centralization—or, as some would say—the trustification of that nation's enterprise. At the same time a flurry in exchange, which temporarily unsettled the mark, aroused great fear lest a new period of inflation with its concomitant disastrous effects, be just outside the door.

These unfavorable aspects of the German situation are usually attributed by observers to two sets of circumstances: the pressure of reparations collecting, which imposes a tax rate in some respects positively staggering (the levy on even moderate incomes approaches 50 percent) and which, owing to the fact that relief cannot be expected within a reasonable time, engenders a pessimistic outlook; and the extensiveness of the program of social welfare, which has created so large a volume of health, employment and old-age insurance that the national budget is always strained to the limit. There can be little doubt that both of these sets of circumstances are turning public opinion toward the right, which is a great deal stronger today than a year ago.

Doubtless such a trend would be viewed, is possibly already being viewed, by France and England with alarm. It may help to explain the stand taken by Dr. Schacht at the Hague, which resulted in shifting responsibility for the Reichsbank's participation in the "world bank" to the German government, and which scared Mr. Snowden into a very blunt speech. At all events, the eve of the London Conference finds the Channel politically far narrower than it has been for some time. Mr. Henderson's speech at the League session is to the point here. Its rather curious declaration that the Geneva covenant is more important than the Kellogg pact may seem a bit of fantastic legalism, but it can justifiably be read as the manifesto of an

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alliance which the British and the French have formed prior to the debate about navies. A similar impression is left by the discussion of sea power which has been in progress between London and Paris. It is too early to predict that such accord will be manifest, but the signs point that way.

One judges from reports that some opposition between American and British views of naval strength has developed to a point which foreshadows a tussle at London. The capital ship, its size and numbers, appears to be in for a good many pros and cons, with a divergence between the two nations most interested almost as wide as the Atlantic itself. But there exists a general feeling that English statesmen are framing their policies far less with an eye to America than with a desire to meet perplexing continental issues. Supporting Mr. Henderson's address at Geneva, M. Briand averred that France did not wish to sacrifice any of the sanctions listed in the League covenant—and congratulated the British on the "reasonableness" with which they have met the French conception of naval reform. If all this does not mean at least a temporary rapprochement between the two greatest of the former Allies, for the possible edification of those European peoples not wholly satisfied with the status quo, one has missed a guess by some distance.

It is rather unfortunate that political shadows of this character should fall across a landscape recently so bright with international promise. Mr. Hoover is naturally very anxious to achieve success in London. To date his activity in the realm of foreign policy has not been fruitful, despite the best intentions in the world. The hiatus between the glamour which attended the signing of the Kellogg treaties and the drab simplicity of what has been accomplished since must impress every observer. Nobody has taken the President's suggestion regarding the abolition of the hunger blockade as seriously as it deserved to be taken, owing very largely to British unwillingness to discuss the theory and principles of the free sea. The entry of the United States into the World Court, which seemed a matter of course a short time ago, appears to have fallen a victim to some species of traffic tie-up. And British Labor, with its back against the wall at home and its hands tied so far as Europe is concerned, may well be facing the coming parley in a mood far different from what prevailed during Mr. MacDonald's visit to these shores.

All of which is regrettable. Beyond any question the President's star needs a mighty push if it is not to be submerged under a financial débâcle, congressional chaos and the insipidities of prohibition enforcement. The nation's eagerness for some notable victory in the international terrain is likewise evident. If our prevalent economic philosophy is correct (and it is, at all events, held to be as nearly correct as circumstances permit) the "rationalization" of the world's business and political conduct is an aim never to be kept out of sight. One hopes for the best.

WEEK BY WEEK

WHATEVER else comes out of the London conference, it now seems likely that there will be an agreement to postpone replacement of obsolete battle-ships from 1931 to 1936. There will be no reduction in the size of the ships, at least not below 30,000 tons, because the United States holds that a smaller battle-ship is not a good battle-ship, but there will be an extension of their service from twenty to twenty-five years. Of course everyone hopes that another six years will demonstrate either that there is no further need for a weapon which is strictly an offensive weapon, or else that 35,000-ton ships are futile even in an offense because of the temptations which they offer to enemy airplanes and submarines. Thus if the replacement of battle-ships is postponed to 1936 it is likely that they will never be replaced at all. And the United States will be saved some $600,000,000 which it would otherwise have spent for fifteen new ships before 1942. We hesitate to become too cheerful about the outlook, however, since we have no way of knowing how such huge savings would be spent, whether for the ordinary expenses of government, the enforcement of prohibition, or the construction of battle planes and submarines. That, too, the next six years will show.

The Big Ships

HEADED by Manuel Roxas, a Filipino delegation is in Washington where a Congressional committee is considering the question of independence for the Philippines. The Islands were guaranteed independence when they came under the Stars and Stripes after the Spanish-American war, but with the understanding that independence would be the reward for their own progress. Many movements, some of which have led to bitter and sanguinary contests, have been inaugurated on the premise that the opportune moment had arrived and yet been overlooked by the United States. Now when Congress shows its first disposition to consider these claims officially, certain Philippine leaders, notably Manuel Quezon, are none too sure that independence is, after all, closest to their heart's desire. Señor Quezon's attitude is emphasized by his absence from Washington. Senators Smoot, Ransdell and other representatives of sugar-producing states are, to him, too much like the Greeks bearing gifts. For these senatorial gentlemen are anxious to exclude the 540,000 tons of sugar which are annually exported to this country, duty free, and the products of the cocoanut, likewise duty free, which are injuring our dairy and farm industries. They are not agitated by quixotic sentiments of a people's ability for or right to self-determination in government. But they are heart and soul behind the King bill which provides that American sovereignty over the Islands cease as soon as the people there adopt

Left-handed Independence

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a constitution and set up a national government. If the time is ripe (a full investigation of the situation may determine that it is) then the United States should not hesitate; on the other hand, if the time is not ripe it would be a decided blunder to accede to the selfish desires and unreasonable demands of the present group of protectionist senators.

The Senate on Sugar

WITH eighteen Republicans voting for it, and only four Democrats against it, the Harrison amendment to prevent any increase on raw sugar had an easier time of it in the Senate than was expected, and the beat-sugar interests took a jolt right in the vulnerable midriff. We trust they will not recover. It has been a bitter fight, but certainly the stakes were large enough to justify almost any amount of rancorous debate. As The Commonweal pointed out long ago, it has never been a question of preserving the market for our domestic producers (under a $.02- or a $.10-tariff we should still have to import about 80 percent of our sugar next year) but from the first it has been a question of how much the home boys could grab out of the Republican bag. The present rate of $.0176 a pound on Cuban sugar is worth $92,000,000 a year to them, and all told costs the consumer well over $200,000,000. Protective tariff is a mild name for anything which proposes to jump this bounty higher. And so the Harrison amendment, unless it is ditched in conference, has saved us between $75,000,000 and $150,000,000 in our sugar bill. A good piece of work, we term it.

Pro Bono Publico

THOSE interested in the work accomplished to promote more friendly relations between Catholics, Jews and Protestants through the open forum method will be glad to know that a report summarizing the recent discussion at Harvard University has been published by the Calvert Round Table. It reprints the chief addresses, summarizes the debates very clearly and effectively, and prints the resolutions adopted by the group. The spirit in which the effort was made can be seen from the following declaration: "Sincere conviction as to the absolute truth of one's own faith, and, as a corollary, the error or inadequacy of all other religions, involves no question of the spiritual sincerity of those who differ and who hold firmly to the tenets of their own faith. Such sincere differences are matters of conscience between the individual soul and its Creator, and are therefore entitled to universal respect. Such 'agreement to disagree' as to the fundamentals of men's respective faiths in no way interferes with their active participation in all undertakings making for the welfare of the community. Discrimination—political, social or economic—based solely upon religious prejudice and intolerance, violates both the spirit and the letter of the constitution, and is fraught with grave peril to the security of the republic." All of this seems fairly sound and attractive doctrine, worthy of some genuine missionary interest. Copies of the report may be obtained by addressing a request to the Round Table at 177 Milk Street, Boston.

Ten Years Old

THE tenth anniversary of prohibition finds more agitation in Washington over our greatest domestic problem than at any time, perhaps, since the Eighteenth Amendment was adopted. We cannot share the excitement because it seems to us that the prohibition situation is too simple and obvious to become excited about it. Prohibition is being enforced about as well as it ever can be short of setting up in this country something like the Cheka. The only trouble with prohibition is that the country refuses to obey it. And so it really does not matter whether all the agencies to prevent smuggling are merged into one under the Coast Guard or not, and whether the work of investigation is transferred from the Department of the Treasury to the Department of Justice or not. So long as we have prohibition the Anti-saloon League will be dissatisfied with its enforcement, and how long we have prohibition depends upon how long it is associated in certain minds with prosperity. Whenever we have a couple of bad business years, there will be an ameliorating reinterpretation of the Eighteenth Amendment.

New York's Water Power

REPUBLICANS and Democrats alike claim the victory of the recent maneuver in the New York state assembly by which the majority has declared its readiness to vote the Roosevelt water power plan. With few modifications the governor's recommendations to the legislature were those of ex-Governor Smith, which Republican leaders have bitterly fought for almost ten years. The people of the state, however, should be too grateful for some settlement of the controversy to be concerned as to which group of politicians have gained the tactical advantage. The Smith-Roosevelt principle has been upheld. It remains to be seen if the working out of the plan will not snag on one of the many shoals which are immediately ahead. As Mr. Roosevelt declares, "Nobody has yet tried, and the only way to find out is to make the try." Primary provision will be made for state construction of a dam across the St. Lawrence at Hawkins Point and of a power plant. And here the first obstacles will be met. These involve New York's acquisition of riparian rights now owned by private interests; agreements between the state and the federal government with regard to navigation; treaties between this country and Canada regarding the dam site; coöperation in financing, and distribution of power; and determination of where state control will end and private control begin. Since there is a heated debate over the question of an all-American versus a

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St. Lawrence ship route, nothing can be done until Washington makes its final decision on this question. Again, Ontario now has as much power as it can use for many years to come and its laws limit the exportation of power. These difficulties might discourage even the most stout-hearted. Governor Roosevelt is to be admired for his courage. What he achieves may well mark an epoch, for New York's satisfactory solution of the question of water power development for its people will undoubtedly set a salutary precedent for the country at large.

Mayor Curley

DO NOT forget that Mr. James Michael Curley is not only mayor of Boston but one of the most impressive figures in American municipal politics. As such he is worth considerable to the hub of the universe even in the way of advertising, not to mention scenery. After years of scrambling and running in and out of the city hall, he may fairly be said to have learned the way of the world. Curley's mind has a picture of the present, past and future of almost every office-holder; and the number of immediate decapitations suggested by this gallery is a marvel of the age. And Boston? His vision of that is not without grandeur, or even poetry. Today Boston proper is only the nucleus of fifty odd towns, perched upon neighboring plains, devoted to their names and lineage. Administering the utilities—gas, water and so on—within such a net-work of urban individualisms remains as intricate as the wheels of the Strasbourg clock. Mr. Curley, no innovator in this respect, proposes a unified and orderly Boston, taking her rightful place among the nation's largest towns and engineering a program of civic work able to impress all existing societies for reform and advancement. Without further hesitation we extend our hearty wishes for immediate success.

Mr. and Mrs. Julian Harris

JOURNALISM in the United States cannot spare Mr. and Mrs. Julian Harris, whose departure from the Columbus Enquirer-Sun was recently announced. Of course they knew perfectly well what they were up against in 1920 when they took control of the Columbus paper and began their fight against racial prejudice, religious intolerance and corrupt politics. Mr. Harris was reported as saying (The Commonweal, August 10, 1927) "My hope was to put before southern editors a perfectly rational view: justice for rich and poor, black and white; a return to constitutional freedom of speech and freedom of religious beliefs without prejudices. And so I fought certain things. If it broke me, it was all right, and Mrs. Harris felt the same way." In five years they lost $42,000, but they whipped the Klan in Columbus, and that was the start of the rout which eventually had this once powerful organization backed up into the swamps. So if financially their policy was a failure, editorially it was one of the greatest successes in the history of journalism anywhere. We shall not forget what they have done, and we hope that it is not long before their work is resumed elsewhere. For there are many places in the United States which need the Harrises as sadly as did the city of Columbus, Georgia, in 1920.

Science in Kansas

DR. H. L. ISBEN of the Kansas State Agricultural College has been experimenting with ill-natured rabbits. He has bred the most bad-tempered bunnies that he could find, and reports that their children and grandchildren all manifest the ugliest dispositions. From this he concludes that "if such conditions of inheritance exist in rabbits there is no reason why they should not exist in man as well as in other animals"—evidence that unruliness is inherited rather than the result of environment and training. Here is a man who ought to be encouraged. It is not everyone who can observe so patiently, and report so accurately, upon the rabbit, and argue so cogently from his own findings. He ought to extend his investigations into other of his subject's inherited idiosyncrasies. Possibilities are certainly unlimited. For instance, it is possible that twitching the nose and wriggling the ears are not acquired characteristics, as we have always supposed, but inherited. And if this is proved to be true of rabbits, there is no reason why it should not be true of men. Someone should recommend Dr. Isben to the various foundations which are interested in the advancement of learning. He ought to be subsidized.

Repairing and Grooming

POLITICAL fences, it appears, are perennially in need of repair and Senators can be expected to use the Capitol during the coming months as a rostrum for appeals to their constituents. At the same time they are faced by the realization that time out for spectacular oratory will delay necessary congressional business and, by protracting the session, keep them from maintenance work in their native states. Somehow, we know, the horns of this dilemma will be escaped. Meanwhile Republican grooming for senatorships goes on apace even if with some qualms that the best and most favored horses may lie down on the politicians. In Massachusetts, the ex-President in one of his characteristically Delphian pronouncements shies clear of any question of candidacy. Out where the corn grows and Senator Norris bolts, no less a personage than General Pershing was sought to put regularity's colors ahead of independent progressivism. Senators Sackett and Edge have received executive rewards and have set out on their first ambassadorial journeys, leaving Republican governors to designate for their unexpired terms, such stalwarts as Dwight F. Morrow and Representative John M. Robsion. These received gubernatorial appointments

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secondarily, if not primarily, because of belief in their ability to secure reëlection. If the 1930 elections fail to clarify any political facts they will at least be extremely diverting.

PROSPERITY has viewed this year's motor show with a somewhat dissipated smile. After having feasted as lavishly as ever before in history, it awoke to discover its pockets had been picked in Wall Street—and to recall, in a serious mood, the intimate connection between automotive production and such matters as business and employment. What hope did the motor show afford? Apart from the usual amount of public interest, manifested in the form of inquiries and gasps of pleasure from feminine visitors (not seldom calculated to impress upon the paterfamilias the virtue of some car he thinks he cannot afford) we seem to have noticed two developments. The first is a frank recognition of the part which the dealer plays. Many a manufacturer's representative has declared, in unison with Mr. Faulkner of the Auburn Company, that success depends upon selling rather than producing automobiles. That augurs some curtailment during 1930, perhaps, but is likewise a manifesto of common sense. The second development appears to be an effort to improve the working mechanism of the automobile rather than the paint job. Outstanding attractions seem to include a sixteen-cylinder motor for those who can afford it, a new system of gravity carburation, a method which cools the pistons from sole to crown, and a lighter crankshaft. Each one of these things means that engineers have been thinking hard and that stress is being laid on matters which deserve it. Sobered prosperity may give thanks for so much.

Motors on Parade

SOME amusement has been garnered in various quarters from the 1930 edition of the British Who's Who. It must be confessed that England's roster of our great men is both incomplete and fanciful, that errors of fact abound and that an element of unintentional farce sometimes creeps into pages whose object is to inform sedately. The most vivid blunder discovered to date is the statement that Colonel Lindbergh married the daughter of Dwight Davis, United States ambassador to Mexico. Has not even Lindy been guaranteed authentic by fame? It is a not ineffective remedy for pretention that, even after one has become celebrated enough to enter a catalogue of worthies, the most intimate details regarding oneself are reported incorrectly. Those who have had occasion to seek out material regarding some eminent person of a former age know how unfailingly difficult it is to get the record unadulterated. Newpaper and magazine obituaries may be correct about a dozen matters, but they are almost sure to slip on the thirteenth. It is instructive and amusing to compare accounts. Nine times out of ten, equally trustworthy statements will disagree on quite important matters. Still more amazing is the circumstance that in writing about themselves, people will unconsciously give wrong dates and names. Thus far does the human race carry the habit of guessing, to the immense perturbation of its many biographers.

Errors Concerning the Great

JUDGING by sections of it which have been published in the Nation, Mr. Louis Fischer's History of Soviet Foreign Affairs will be an interesting book. Unfortunately it gives evidence of having been almost completely inspired in Moscow. We are told, for instance, that "two tendencies existed at the Vatican" regarding relations between the Church and the Soviets—"one led by the Pope which aimed at a compromise with the Bolsheviks and the winning of the vast multitude of simple-minded followers; the other represented by Walsh himself [that is, the Reverend Edmund A. Walsh, S.J., of Georgetown University] whose program was to combat Bolshevism." It is interesting to note, as the chapter gets on, Mr. Fischer's evident conviction that in this instance an American Jesuit triumphed over the Pope. This opinion seems to us nothing short of funny. Catholic documents long since made public reveal the eagerness of the Vatican to arrive at a modus vivendi with any government capable of establishing order in Russia. But as the evidence regarding the actual practice and policy of the Bolsheviki began to drift in, it became apparent that no settlement could be reached. Doubtless Father Walsh supplied some of the evidence. It is hard to imagine how he could have refrained.

Russia and the Vatican

THE POPE AND EDUCATION

THE recent papal encyclical letter regarding education contains, so far as we have been able to judge, nothing intrinsically new. Indeed it would be wrong to expect originality of utterances which must always be restatements or clarifications of the universal doctrine of the Church. But the tendency of a certain kind of present-day intelligence, sceptical almost to the verge of agnosticism, is to be shocked by what seem the "old-fashioned assumptions" of Catholic belief. When, for instance, the Pope declares that every child possesses the right to be taught dogmas which "are the pillar and foundation of all truth," people whose education has been a matter of confronting hypotheses constantly subject to renewed scrutiny are led to feel that the statement is necessarily untenable.

Something of the same clear-cut divergence between the Catholic and the modern secular view enlivens all our current discussion of educational principle. The Sovereign Pontiff says that "it is evident that both by right and in fact the educative mission belongs preeminently to the Church"; and the statement is as plain to all the faithful as their very noses. But the

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rest of the world, if we may judge by published comment, finds it either unintelligible or dangerous. Is this not a denial of the theory upon which public school education is based? Or is it not, at least, a denial of the right of the community to dictate how its young people shall be prepared for citizenship? Most Americans would, of course, agree with Pope Pius that the parents are entitled to help fix upon the method by which their children shall be brought up. But they do not understand how the Church can figure prominently in the enterprise. And when the encyclical goes on to remark, "We, therefore, confirm our previous declarations and canons forbidding Catholic children to attend anti-Catholic, neutral or mixed schools, by the latter being meant those schools open equally to Catholics or non-Catholics alike," the puzzle becomes still more annoying.

What? Are we not all members of a civic community, destined to live side by side and work for the common interest? "If other churches were to make like claim—that is, that 'the educative mission belongs preëminently to them for their children—and were to lay like inhibitions, the very foundations of the republic would be disturbed," declares the New York Times. And just the day before the encyclical appeared, educational circles were aflame with a controversy set in motion by Dr. Thomas H. Briggs, of Teachers' College, Columbia University, who averred that all "private schools"—that is, schools to which well-to-do parents send their children—ought to be abolished. He denounced them as reactionary and complacent, declared that they were hampering the scholastic progress of the nation, and that they were institutional denials of democratic standards. Of course Dr. Briggs is not too well pleased with public schools either. He is merely impatient with "educational chaos" and anxious to see some central plan and purpose. Ultimately, however, his proposal rests upon the premise that the community alone has the key to improvement of the entire school system.

In drawing up a tentative reply to all this, one ought to bear in mind that there must be educational authority, educational purpose and educational method. Let us take the first. Regarding this Catholic and, of course, papal teaching declares that authority is threefold, belonging to the Church, the state and the family. It will not function perfectly unless these are present in rightly established harmony. Sometimes, however (notably in Russia) the state claims a monopoly, absolute and unwarranted; and it is against this that the new encyclical strongly protests. Again the family sometimes usurps the sole right, creating those "social centres" which have aroused the ire of Dr. Briggs. Occasionally also ecclesiastical authority has been autocratic, using force to compel the obedience of children to it. Against this usurpation canon law rules firmly, abjuring the use in the name of the Church of all inquisitionalism. Pope Pius specifically upholds every part of the threefold authority, but insists that reason and social welfare both demand recognition of the truth that the eternal needs of the spirit take precedence over any immediate, temporal necessities.

We go on now to educational purpose. This may be defined as training the child for right living. And here one's definition of "right living" must be correct in itself, regardless of results. It is now popular to ask, for example, if the products of parochial schools are found to be morally better than the products of public schools. This question cannot be answered, owing to the complete absence of statistics; but it has nothing to do with purpose. The Catholic ideal is this: prepare the child to be a virile son or daughter of the Church, a loyal and alert member of society and the best possible representative of family tradition. In other words, it wishes to meet harmoniously the legitimate demands of ecclesiastical, civil and family authority. The last two have a perfect right to insist upon their parts of the program. Pope Pius declares, for instance, that the Church is constantly ready to come to an understanding with civil authorities if difficulties should arise, and the several concordats are so many illustrations of this principle.

When we come to method, we arrive of course at the most relative, the least permanent, aspect of education. Great progress has been made in the knack of schoolmastering, and the several sciences and arts are gardens in which many new plants have flourished. It is impossible, therefore, that modern school method can be determined a priori or suffered to remain merely traditional. A vast amount of dogmatizing has been indulged in, by reactionary cranks and equally cranky rebels. The Catholic attitude toward method is, however, not at all dogmatic. It merely asserts that the manner in which children are taught must not conflict with the purpose for which they are taught. If naturalistic methods assume that a youngster is an animal who needs only to be trained in the art of obeying his instincts, it is impossible that the product should ever be a virile member of the Church. Similarly a child will hardly develop into a useful member of society if he is taught in accordance with the assumption that he is a law unto himself.

All this seems relatively clear. And if one now comes back to the Times comment, one wonders upon what fear the talk about disturbing the "foundations of the nation" is based. It cannot be too frequently asserted that our government joined respect for freedom of belief with a respect for belief itself. As several court decisions have also proved, Americanism is likewise profoundly cognizant of parents' rights in this important domain. And while the public school has sometimes veered from one conception of social training to another, its development has been due, in part at least, to the conviction of Protestant groups that it could stress moral teaching which is a necessary corollary of religious doctrine. This conviction reposes in turn upon the historical circumstance that all education in early America was religious in character, the

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change to secularism resulting from inability to correlate divergent creeds within one system.

We believe, as a consequence, that existing educational institutionalism is open to criticism from both Catholic and American points of view. That parochial schools suffer a little from their present social and economic isolation we shall cheerfully concede. That the public school in turn has no room for either the Catholic or the Protestant educational purpose is, on the other hand, as evident as the ice of a glacier. And we hold that the proper way to coördinate everything we in America are doing to rear children intelligently and benignantly is to develop, inside a reconstituted public-school system, interlocking denominational schools conducted in accordance with the best modern practice. If that be "disturbing the foundations of the nation," we are willing that they should be rocked.

Meanwhile it is as certain as anything can be that the solution of the Catholic educational problem which is embodied in the parochial school system of the United States has not been altered in the slightest degree by the new encyclical. Indeed, the willingness of the Pope to accept it and the background of American circumstance is demonstrated by the emphasis laid upon the decision of the Supreme Court in the Oregon School Case, which averred that the child is not the mere creature of the state. It was this point of view, definitely identified with our whole past and tradition, which Pope Pius sought to recommend to other governments which are unfortunately bent upon subjugating the individual to the state with an entirety dangerous to society and religion. That is not a denial but an endorsement of Americanism, which honest patriotism may legitimately appreciate and which no baseless fear should cause anyone to overlook.

SCIENCE AGAIN

WHAT has been erroneously called the conflict between science and religion is unnecessarily kept alive, as many other human quarrels unfortunately are, not by any necessary antagonism in principle between the things themselves, but rather because of the lack of loyalty to their own first principles on the part of the followers either of religion or of science. Thus, when we find religious believers so blindly bigoted that they look upon even the most strictly honest investigations of the phenomena of life as necessarily dangerous to religious faith, and as a consequence condemn scientists in a lump as being enemies of religion, it is scarcely to be wondered at that many scientists themselves sometimes fail to distinguish between such blind zealots and the really representative class of religious people who not only do not share the stupid distrust exhibited by narrow-minded believers, but who sincerely respect science and hold its authentic votaries in high honor.

On the other hand, it is deplorably true that too often we find among persons who consider themselves typical scientists, many mischievous persons whose dogmatic expressions of their materialism, which are unsupported on scientific grounds, and which are purely their personal prejudices, lead them to assume positions and to utter pontifical statements which are just as provocative of resentment as anything ever said by the most violent or ignorant of religious fundamentalists. Happily it is quite true that you rarely find the real leaders of science behaving in this fashion; but such an attitude is far from uncommon among the lesser men. It would not particularly matter, perhaps, were it not for a further unfortunate fact, namely, that the press is far too prone to give the personal theorizing and the prejudiced dogmatizing of these lesser lights of science an importance quite out of proportion to their scientific value. If some professional theologian in some minor seminary or sectarian college declares in a sermon or lecture that spiritual, and therefore purely supernatural forces, are at the ultimate roots of all physical phenomena, that does not seem to be news—unless, of course, he happens to say something of the sort during a sensational controversy like the Dayton evolution trial. But when—as has just happened—"a physicist in charge of the sound laboratory of the United States Bureau of Standards, in an address before the Science Forum of the Electrical Society," steps quite outside his proper place as a research worker and utters unprovable assertions which are and only can be his purely personal opinions, in which he denies the presence or the influence of anything supernatural in human life, then we find his wild and whirling language printed on the first page of the New York Times (January 9, 1930). Such an explosion, apparently, if it happens in a laboratory is news. It is even given a two-column heading, so that no one shall miss it.

Nobody in his proper senses would accuse the editors of the New York Times of being biased against religion; yet their action seems to us to prove that there is a prevalent mood in public opinion, which secular editors cater to because their news sense is aware of its presence, and which is shared by a great proportion of the public; which mood causes them to regard as important anything which throws doubt or which attacks faith in the supernatural. Such a mood, of course, is fundamentally old-fashioned; but as newspapers are usually half a generation behind the development of important thought, they go on complacently ministering to a mood which among really intelligent people is decidedly out of fashion.

When many of the greatest physicists in the world have reached the point of openly declaring that scientific researches have brought science to the point where, in order to be true to its own mission of searching after truth it can only say that there is Something behind all phenomena, of which phenomena are only signs or symbols, it makes the instructed modern person smile to see such old-fashioned explosions of the materialistic temper being regarded as important news.

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THE CROSS AND THE EAGLE

By HARVEY WICKHAM

Events in Rome have been so universally significant and interesting that we have thought it well to supplement the paper by Umberto Guggieri, published recently, with the following article by an American whose long residence in the Eternal City has rightly earned for him the title of competent observer. Though several things have happened since Mr. Wickham's manuscript was written, we offer his comment without substantial changes. 'I think," he says, "the satisfaction with which present amenities between the Papal and the Italian states are viewed is general."—The Editors.

NOW that an exchange of official courtesies has taken place between the Pope and the king of Italy, the time seems propitious for a brief review of the more obvious social and political effects already to be observed or soon to be expected as a result of the new treaty and its immediate and inferential engagements.

The king's call at the Vatican was itself not lacking in interesting features. For one thing, he was accompanied only by his queen. The Palazzo Venezia, Italy's political nerve-centre since Mussolini has moved his office there from the Palazzo Chigi, was not represented. This probably has no significance save as a reminder that il Duce is legally only the Italian chief minister of state—a legal fiction one is so apt to forget. For another thing, the Pope returned the call by proxy.

At the same time, the recorder of current events usually shows the better side of his valor when he characterizes nothing which is connected with the Vatican as altogether insignificant; when he refrains as much as possible from speculation; and when he confines himself to a description of what publicly takes place. Thus it may be stated as a fact that not even the sending of a papal representative to the Quirinale marks a new departure, since His Holiness was represented upon Italian territory during the Franciscan Centenary, when Cardinal Merry del Val was sent in that capacity to Assisi.

Also it may not be too much to suggest that the arrangements which led to the king and queen paying their respects alone were not only strictly in conformity with the etiquette of the occasion, but served to emphasize the nature of the recent treaty, which was between the temporal government of the Church and the temporal government of Italy. The king alone represents the latter without reference to any particular administration or party. That he should, therefore, represent it alone save for his consort casts no reflection whatever upon Mussolini, whose signal services in bringing the settlement about are recognized everywhere. The circumstance was just one of those little details, one of those little allegories which lend that sense of supreme fitness to all things done on the sacred side of the Tiber, making them so fascinating, symbolical, and worthy of study—especially in this hurly-burly of a modern world where the significance of so many acts is hidden by the bungling way in which they are carried out.

The ceremony of reconciliation itself was of supreme simplicity, and showed Rome nothing but seven closed automobiles, setting out from the Quirinale (now that the breach is closed, one may remark without raising hard feelings that this was once a papal palace) on the morning of December 5, arriving at la Citta Vaticana, and being welcomed at the new frontier by Commandatore Serafini, "governatore" of the pontificial territory. Once within this ancient domain, there was plenty of color observable. But the royal party passed almost immediately to the private apartments, and while their suite waited in the anterooms, knelt to the Pope in what is known as the little throne room. But why describe what has already been described in the daily papers? At the same time it is impossible to omit all reference to that singularly human touch, not lacking perhaps in sly humor—the Pope's giving to the king, in addition to the ceremonial presents, four stamp albums (politely to be referred to as "quattro volumi sulle Monete Bolli Pontificie del Medagliere Vaticano"—but essentially stamp albums none the less). They were in token of personal regard, and in recognition of the well-known hobby of "il re numismatico."

Then came the visit of the Pontiff on the early morning of December 20, to celebrate Mass at the Lateran. But the circumstances under which the Head of the Church has now finally entered Italian territory only tend to confirm the idea of species of symbolism (or should one say merely good taste raised to an exquisite degree of perfection?) to be noted in all acts emanating from this source. The ceremony was so totally without ceremony, taking all Rome utterly by surprise, leaving the historical importance of the occasion alone to mark it off from any other drive through the city! This not only avoided the tumult which the first appearance of a Pope in the streets after so many years of reclusion might have caused if preceded by a public announcement, it emphasized the return to "normalcy" as no personal visit to the palace of a king could have done. For it is thus that a bishop would naturally visit his see. At the same time it once more put the spiritual above the temporal without need of emphasis.

There is no use in denying that the first effects of the signing of the Lateran Accord were disappointing to a great many people, more specially in Rome. Too much was expected of it. On paper, the millennium seemed to have come. And instead there came those public addresses wherein il Duce appeared to announce

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that the position of the Church in Italy was now hardly to be distinguished from the position of the Church of England in England—addresses followed by such sharp reprimands in the Osservatore Romano that neither an entente nor anything in the least deserving the term cordiale was left to be noted by a careless eye. Time, indeed, seemed to have rolled back rather than moved forward. A certain air of good-will was gone. One thought of the breach of Porta Pia, not of a treaty of peace. That spiritual bridge which was to have been thrown across the Tiber had broken down before it was open to traffic.

"Nobody should have looked for such a bridge," said one to whom I talked at the time. "The treaty is merely between governments. It is not the Holy Father, but il Papa Re who is concerned. But as he is also the Vicar of Christ, his view-point can never be either entirely accepted nor understood outside of his spiritual dominion."

Nevertheless, the average Roman, the average Italian, probably the average Catholic everywhere, looked for something at least like a return of the good old times. Sacred pageantry was again to be seen in the streets. There would be more of it. And upon this popular sentiment of relief, verging ever more toward enthusiasm, the exchange of words between Mussolini and the Vatican's semi-official organ was like a dash of cold water.

It served a good purpose, however. Is it not always good to wake from a foolish dream? It brought everybody back to a sense of fact, and made them realize that as Rome was not built in a day, neither is a wound like that of 1870 and the immediately following decades to be healed in a fortnight. In other words, the long course in atheism and materialism to which the Italian people has been subjected, almost officially, since the days of Pio Nono and continuing up to the Fascists' famous march, has to be paid for.

This should be remembered before one criticizes unthinkingly the present head of the Italian government. Mussolini has been, in his conciliatory attitude toward the Church, unquestionably ahead of his party. Unpolitically far ahead, perhaps. No dictator sleeps upon a bed of roses. Il Duce's followers were fairly willing to enter into a bargain with the Vatican. They were even anxious to. But many of them wanted to be assured that they had made something by it. Advancement of the general good of all concerned was not enough. Italians are very human. They do love that extra soldo which can sometimes be wrung out of a deal. Often they will abandon a most profitable transaction if denied the beloved "mancia." And if this comes as the reward of smart practice—well, as I say, they are human. And oh, how Mussolini understands his people! He undertook to show them that they had made a very good bargain indeed—"put one over," as we would say.

Remembering all that he has done, it would be senseless to blame him too much for this. He is an opportunist, or he would not be a dictator. He knew how the long-continued, anticlerical propaganda had left certain spirits with the habit of depreciating the Church, even while maintaining at least a nominal connection with it. These were pleased to think that the Pope had not demanded any more land. But they did not wish to be convicted of an about-face in regard to less material things. In politics and diplomacy, saving face is a first principle. This is what Mussolini did. The Black Shirts were in no mood for an act of contrition en masse. So their Duce saved their faces for them, in perhaps somewhat too grand a style.

Thus he assured them that there was still in Italy no power that was against the state, or above the state, or that was not in the state. And in a sense this was very true. La Citta Vaticana is no longer in Italy, politically speaking. And if it be temporal power which is meant, the Pope neither claims nor wishes to wield it outside of those few acres which now form a sort of Garden of Eden about Saint Peter's. But the way il Duce put it was open to misconstruction, and the impression was broadcast that Pius XI had made not only territorial sacrifices, but political and even spiritual sacrifices as well. That was the talk one heard in the streets. To listen to what some of the more reckless, or bewildered, or merely ignorant whispered, a stranger from Mars might have thought that there had been an abdication of the spiritual throne of the world empire of Christ the King. The Osservatore promptly restated the case, "ad majorem Dei gratiam." I doubt if anybody was the worse for the little outburst of pent-up emotions for which this incident afforded the opportunity. There had been no misunderstanding between the high contracting parties—not as to the essential terms of the settlement.

No settlement between nations can be expected to settle all things and keep them settled. But the entente may now be expected to be as cordiale as could have been reasonably hoped for. It is to be regretted, however, that the American press, and particularly some of the more serious of the American magazines, did so little to spread the good news, or even the bad news, with any understanding—let alone any attempt to help their readers to understand. In one issue the Pope would be shown as being dragged at the tail of Caesar's chariot. In another it would be suggested—and this seemed to be a favorite note—that the Pope had been "restored to temporal power." It was the old, old theme, the Pope as bogy-man. That the Pope had in reality renounced his claim to temporal power, which never extended, speaking generally, beyond a section of Italy, retaining it only over an area comparable to a small farm, was a fact which seemed to find difficulty in getting itself in print.

I wonder if that Catholic Publicity Bureau which Mr. Williams was advocating in a recent Commonweal could not begin its work by explaining the meaning of the expression "temporal power" to the denizens of Zenith and points west, so that it may in time come to

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be distinguished not only from spiritual sovereignty, but from the social power which comes as an inevitable by-product of spiritual and moral elevation?

But in Rome little is heard of American magazines, and I think the satisfaction with which present amenities between the Papal and Italian States are viewed, is general.

For the rest, the digging up of ancient Rome and the exposing of its buried bones to the air, goes steadily on. If the result in certain sections suggests San Francisco after the earthquake, this is because raw earth, new cement and brick work are not lovely in themselves, even when studded with beautiful bits of carven treasure and marking outlines of great archaeological interest. Time will doubtless cicatrize these wounds as well as others, giving them that healed appearance which for the moment they so sadly lack. One may now look at what is left of the forum in the Argentina district, at the old markets about Trajan's Forum, as well as the mud at the bottom of Lake Nemi, and many another wonder as land and water continue to give up their dead. And a Forum Mussolini, for the future to excavate in due time, is in course of construction. It is all very fine—though the familiar ruins were best.

Back of the archaeological movement, of course, is the Fascist determination to disinter Caesar in all his glory and to weld the present to that distant grandeur, ignoring the intervening interval as much as possible. It is not a movement which should be too much condemned off-hand. Dante also longed for the Roman eagle to fly beneath the cross—his matchless way of expressing his belief in good government. No worldly power today could be expected to echo his "beneath." And now that the visible Church is protected in its seat by international agreements, to one of which Italy is a party, and so rid of any suggestion of existing merely through Italian tolerance—which after all seems to be the most noteworthy immediate outcome of the new arrangement—the Italian state may perhaps learn much from Caesar as to the way to treat the things which are Caesar's. It furthers a wholesome national pride. If this leads to excessive nationalism, it is an evil from which Italy could hardly hope to escape, considering present conditions in Europe and throughout the world. For the days when the eagle, too, may become international, are certainly not now. Nor does any sane citizen of Italy think that *that* eagle will be merely Julian.

THE LITTLE CHURCH

By JOHN C. CAHALAN, JR.

IN OUR town—for many and good reasons—we are much given to the use of adjectives, mostly superlative ones. So, if I am to locate the little church for you with any exactness, I must tell you first to walk westward, three squares along the longest street in our part of the continent, having started at the intersection of the longest street, in our part of the continent, with the second busiest avenue in the Middle-West. Then you will come to the best-lighted boulevard in the world, and if you know what you are about you will turn north. As you make the turn you pass the fourth, or maybe it is the fifth, greatest hotel in these United States, and anon you come to the site of what will in the future be the tallest office building on this earth. Across the road—if I may call the best-lighted boulevard in the world a road—is the little church. And there you have it.

It stands some five feet back from the building line as if shrinking from its tall and stately neighbors. For all about it are sky-reaching and awful structures, expressive of the dominant note in our architecture, which is height. And the little church seems in some way to be trying to withdraw its head. Certain it is that its steeple is very squat and by no means high. That is but one thing which is wrong with it—its steeple. Another thing is its outward shabbiness. Its bricks are dirty and its stone steps are worn hollow by the feet of its many worshipers. Inside it is little better. Its walls are dim with age and would be infinitely the better for a coat of paint or two. The floor, beneath its kneeling benches, is patched in many places and inclined to sag. Kneeling on these benches, one has a delightful sense of insecurity, which may or may not add to one's devotions. You have a notion that at any moment you may find yourself, still praying it is to be hoped, in the cavernous cellars below. Hard and full of unkind and distracting knots are these benches. The pews are straight-backed and strict, and when they were fashioned there was no thought of comfort in the mind of their maker. But for all of its ugliness, griminess, squatness, lack of paint and worn steps, this little church of Saint Aloysius is very, very beautiful. And it is the downtown church of a great and flourishing metropolis.

Because of its beauty men and women are constantly passing through its doors, doors which are cracked, cranky and at times hard to open. Rich men there are, poor men, and beggar men (ever so many) and not infrequently thieves. I am sure about these last for the poor boxes are not infrequently robbed, and is there not a sign in the vestibule warning the unwary to be careful of their valuables?

It is common knowledge among the members of the underworld that a Catholic church makes an ideal hiding place, but when a poor rascal is dragged from my little church by the long and strong arm of the law, I like to put a different construction on his attempt to hide. I would think that he is seeking sanctuary,

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guided by some instinct inherited from a long dead ancestor, who was, no doubt, himself a cut-purse in the middle-ages. The poor fellows are welcome surely but it does seem that no self-respecting thief would stoop to the robbing of a poor box.

Every day with the exception of Sundays Confessions are heard at noon in the little church, and all day Thursday there is Exposition of the Blessed Sacrament. But this explains only part of the attractiveness that is in this ugly, old structure. It is the people who are forever there that make it understandable.

Old folk sit upon the hard benches of the little church and everlastingly tell their beads. A gentleman with a mustache and imperial who looks like a white-headed and -bearded Louis Napoleon kneels on the steps of the rail before the high altar and is lost in meditation and prayer.

There are the many who sit and seem to do nothing. They are meditating, perhaps, or just resting. There is no better place to rest, for it is quiet and peaceful here, as it should be. After all beauty is in the eye and the mind of him who perceives it. And it is these people who light up the interior of my little church despite its grim and unpainted walls.

Long ago, in the unregenerate days when work on a morning newspaper necessitated ungodly hours, there was a Sunday printer's Mass, said at the ghostly hour of four in the morning. It was an appreciated favor. And it was here, though I confess it with some shame, as I was old enough to have realized it long before, that the universality of the Church was borne in upon me. For a boy whom I mistakenly classed as a Jap (I afterward learned that he was a Filipino) served the printer's Mass, and a colored man and a Chinese were wont to receive communion together.

At a much later date when a favor was sought, a favor earthly and in all respects temporal, which involved a deal of praying, we turned to the little church. And, though it does not appear to be anyone's business, it might be added that the favor was granted. At any rate we were in and out of the little church very often, and even in its sacred peace there was adventure, quiet and churchly. Catholicity is, in its way, a great and joyous adventure and I was not surprised.

There is something queer about all great cities and the churches that are in them cannot escape. So it was that we were not shocked one day to discover a rather corpulent madam calmly reading a four-page comic sheet. She had a look of dejection and sourness in the eye, and the thought came that she, also, was at prayer; asking and seeking the holy and human gift of laughter.

On another day came the tall lady, evidently not of the Faith, who wanted to burn a candle to good Saint Anthony and was worried about the business involved. She might well have been for the lighting of a votive candle in the little church is no simple matter. The candle stand is none too secure. The little pegs which are good-naturedly supposed to hold the candles upright are treacherous and inclined to fail one. The candles are always falling out and burning themselves up in the pan at the bottom. And those candles that manage to stand up do so at a slant. They smoke and the smoke gets in one's eyes. The whole business is sort of drunken. Not that Saint Anthony would mind—he is not that kind of a saint, but it is a bit embarrassing to explain to a lady and a heretic in the bargain.

Nor were we inclined to be pharisaical, on a rather cold morning, to find the disheveled individual sleeping the sleep of the just, with his arms on the pew in front of him and his head on his arms. About him was an air more pungent than saintly and the suspicion was strong, as strong as the atmosphere, that he had been making a night of it. But he may have been doing penance, poor fellow, and I am sure there is more than one publican.

A quondam friend of mine once told me that what with its many and colored votive lights, its multiplicity of candles, its Stations of the Cross, and its frequent statues my little church was garish. He pretends, with no little effort, to be a member of a select intelligentsia and that is the word he used—garish. If he had said gaudy I might not have taken offense for there is a note of joy in the word gaudy. But my one-time friend is not of the tradition and much should be forgiven him because of his lack.

I tried to point out to him that the right kind of prayer cannot be called garish, not by the wildest stretching of words and that prayer is but the lifting of one's heart to God, as I understand it. I told him that everyone and everything in my little church was praying. He did not understand, I am afraid, but he should have. For as we stood in the vestibule looking into the little church, a Negro boy about seven years old was racing up and down the aisles in high glee, while his robust mother was about the serious business of confessing her sins.

And the little lad was praying. He was very happy in the House of Him Who said, "Suffer little children to come unto Me."

Study in Frost

The laughter of the heart will never learn
The wherefore of the silence in the brain.
They are a child and parent who must turn
Unto each other and beseech in vain.

That golden-covered youngster in the heart,
That iron-covered ancient in the head—
How often each for each has torn apart
The placid cloak of life and worn instead

A ragged garment neither one could love!
That beauty-loving infant in the breast,
That beauty-doubting father up above—
How often have they damned each other's rest,

And, while damning, thirsted to be told
The secret of each other's warmth and cold!

BERT COOKSLEY.

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PALESTINE PROBLEMS

By PIERRE CRABITES

FOR centuries a Moslem soldier kept guard, day and night, at the altar which marks the birthplace of the Saviour. Another stood, with fixed bayonet, in the Church of the Holy Sepulchre. The Turks knew that if the Christian sects were left to themselves they would fight to obtain control of those sanctuaries thus dedicated to peace among men. The Star and Crescent of Islam no longer waves over the Holy City. Its place has been taken by the Crosses of Saint George and Saint Andrew. Strife has been engendered by this change of supremacy.

The present warfare has not broken out among Christians. It has arisen between Jews and Arabs. It has been begotten by English good-will and it is born of occidental ignorance. In other words, the Turk kept order because he did not seek to innovate and because he understood the problems with which he had to deal. The Briton has a revolution on his hands because he has attempted to carry out a reform without grasping the basic principle of the problem connected with it.

The keynote of this British reform is what is known to history as the Balfour Declaration. That pronouncement was made on November 2, 1917. It was a war measure. It was applauded by the Allies and welcomed by neutrals. The American Congress sang its praise. Here is the exact text of the message which met with such general commendation:

> His Majesty's government views with favor the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people, and will use their best endeavors to facilitate the achievement of that object, it being understood that nothing shall be done which may prejudice the civil and religious rights of existing non-Jewish communities in Palestine, or the right and political status enjoyed by Jews in any other country.

The battle-cry of the last months of the war was the hymn of "self-determination." The discussions of the Peace Conference were attuned to the music of autonomy. The labor pangs of the mandate system were made more arduous because President Wilson heartily believed in the doctrine which the lips and lungs of his fellow-delegates loudly proclaimed. It thus came to pass that Versailles, on June 28, 1919, wrote the principle of "self-determination" into the mandate for Palestine, but left to the Council of the League of Nations the duty of working out the modalities of the mandate.

It was not until July 24, 1922, that these details were whipped into final shape and the mandate signed and promulgated. It was of 1922 vintage. It carried, however, a 1919 label. This is but another way of saying that something of the bouquet or aroma of "self-determination" was maintained, but that the body or alcoholic content—the kick—was pro-Zionist. And, to the average man, this is what really counts.

It is not suggested that any spirit of unfairness prompted the making of this blend. The population of Palestine in 1917 and in 1922 consisted of approximately 700,000 Arabs (625,000 Mohammedans and 75,000 Christians) and of 60,000 Jews. The Council of the League of Nations, examining near-East problems through western spectacles, probably thought that if the mandate had "self-determination" as its driving force it would be impossible to establish in Palestine that national home for the Jewish people contemplated by the Balfour Declaration and applauded by the world. It was felt that England, in that spirit of fairness characteristic of Britain, would introduce an administration which would satisfy the overwhelming Arab majority, and at the same time enforce the principle proclaimed on November 2, 1917. And London has honestly endeavored to do this.

With this dual objective in view the Lloyd George ministry sent to Jerusalem, as high commissioner, Sir Herbert Samuel and, as attorney-general, Mr. Norman Bentwich. They are both of them English Jews. The former is a Liberal statesman whose broadness of vision knows neither creed nor race. The latter is an able jurist who, at the time of his designation, thoroughly understood conditions in Palestine and who is too big a man, morally and intellectually, to let partizanship cross his threshold. The British Colonial Office was convinced that the patriotism of these two representatives, their grasp of conditions and their unflinching sense of fair play would hold an even balance between Jew and Arab.

It is not inferred that this trust was misplaced. It is, however, insisted that it betrayed a fundamental ignorance of Moslem mentality. It is emphasized that it evidenced a basic misconception of the Arab point of view. The art of government is, to a large extent, the science of applied psychology. Britain has failed in Palestine because her appreciation of Moslem and Arab reactions was wofully wrong.

The purity of the motives which inspired the Balfour Declaration, the high standards of right and wrong which prompted the Council of the League of Nations in enlarging the scope of that Declaration when the terms of the mandate for Palestine were drafted, and the laudable intentions which lay back of the choice of an irreproachable Jewish high commissioner and of an unattackable Jewish attorney-general meant nothing to the Arabs of Palestine. They inquired no more into the personal fitness of Sir Herbert Samuel or Mr. Norman Bentwich than did the people of the South into that of Dr. Crum, or Walter Cohen or of Mrs. Oscar

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DePriest. Southerners took their stand in respect of these three Negroes on racial grounds. The Arabs of Palestine pitch their case in this instance upon somewhat similar motives.

It would, however, be a mistake to say that racial antipathy is the outstanding cause of the present revolution in Palestine. It is not. Arabs are the most tolerant of men. Mohammedanism yields to no religion in its essential liberalism. Christians and Jews were not persecuted in Islam during those centuries when Christendom held to principles of intolerance which Americans foolishly thought non-existent in the United States until a great political party nominated a Catholic for the Presidency.

The Christians and Jews of Palestine—the overwhelming majority of the inhabitants of the Holy Land—oppose British rule, not because they are anti-English or anti-Jew, but because they construe the orientation of Britain's policy in Palestine as tending to drive them out of their homes and as working toward placing the reins of government in the hands of a minority faction.

Rightfully or wrongfully the Arabs of the Holy Land see in the Balfour Declaration and more particularly in the interpretation placed upon it, not a step toward "the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people" but a determination to convert that country into a Zionist theocracy and to make it a national home for the Jewish people.

This point of view may be erroneous. Whether it is or not is foreign to the issue. One must take facts as they are and not as they should be. These stubborn realities make of the Balfour Declaration, as now applied, the root of the present unrest.

These conditions do not create a purely Palestinian or even an English question. They interest, in a vital manner, American Jews and American Catholics and Protestants. If the Holy Land is not today a bloody quagmire it is merely because British bayonets are saving the Jewish minority from Arab knives, bullets and clubs. These Christians and Moslems are not bloodthirsty. They are fighting for something more precious than life. And their Jewish adversaries are equally sincere in their stand. Good faith is fighting good faith and ignorance is keeping guard. This cannot go on indefinitely. It would be intolerable if more Jewish lives be sacrificed. It would be monstrous to continue to drive Arabs to desperation.

American Catholics are interested in the preservation of the holy places. So are American Protestants. So are American Jews. If these three elements will but realize the common danger a way can be found to delete the Balfour Declaration from the mandate for Palestine. It was the Occident's ignorance of the near East which put it in the mandate in a form foreign to its original tenor. It was British misconception of the temper of the Levant which gave to it a wrong interpretation by various decisions among which may be cited the appointment of a Jewish high commissioner, of a Jewish attorney-general, and of a bureaucracy filled with Jews.

Sir Herbert Samuel is no longer in office. The resignation of the courageous and high-minded Bentwich would serve no useful purpose. The situation has outgrown all considerations of personalities. The Balfour Declaration is under a severe fire. Until it goes peace will be an illusion.

The recall of the Balfour Declaration will be in the best interests of the Jews. It will make possible the establishment in Palestine of a national home for the Jewish people. It will keep Palestine from being either an armed camp or a Jewish graveyard.

Arabs are tolerant. Moslems are tolerant. Mohammedans protected the Jews within their midst when the West persecuted them. Islam will see to it that the spirit back of the Balfour Declaration is made a living reality if that unfortunate pronouncement be formally rescinded and if the sane policy of prewar Turkey be taken as the starting-point for a new era.

Arabs and Jews can, under an English chairman, readily elaborate the terms of a settlement if they be brought around a green table with the distinct understanding that they have before them a clean sheet, that they are not bound to accept the Balfour Declaration as a postulate and that authority is given them to evolve a substitute for it. It is, in a word, a question of psychology. If the soldier and the jurist can be kept in the background the problem can be solved. If it is not settled at an early date, the safety of the holy places will sooner or later be menaced. Such a state of affairs is most serious.

Wild Swan

The afternoon was one that might have merged
  In nebulae of afternoons as bright
Had not three wild swans made it memorable
  And touched it so immortally with white.
Slowly they went, a law and harmony
  Unto themselves alone, they rose and fell
Untouched by any circumstance of day.
  They were a ritual made visible.

They were the kind of sudden loveliness
  The middle-ages dreamed in those three birds,
Alpha and Omega, end and birth,
  And sight of Zion white beyond all words,
The haunting beauty that might rend the veil
  And show the lips of joy on those of pain,
The light that visits eyes once and for all
  And may not ever shine on life again.

So rapt and all so lost as these long wings
  To all the common use of common days
Were the tall men walled up close in stone
  Who spent their pith in their Creator's praise.
Blossoms of wild apples far too fair
  To bear a fruit to sweeten any tongue,
Wild honeycomb, too like a litany
  To be but lovely words that lips have sung.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN.

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PAUL SCHEFFER LEAVES RUSSIA

By LEO M. GLASSMAN

That conditions in Russia have changed not a little since Stalin forced the redoubtable Trotsky out of the country is evident. The same Stalin has likewise banished many other persons, including the well-known and quite courageous correspondent of the Berliner Tageblatt. Why was Paul Scheffer asked to make his home elsewhere? European journals have asked and attempted to answer this question, but so far as we are aware its significance has not yet been noticed in America. The following comment by one who has been on the scene is therefore to the point.—The Editors.

THE recent report that Paul Scheffer, the Moscow correspondent of Berliner Tageblatt, has been refused a reëntry visa to Soviet Russia is unquestionably one of the most significant bits of news that has come from that country in many months of troubled politics.

Paul Scheffer came to Moscow in 1921 and within a short time he established a reputation as the best-informed man in Europe on the situation in Soviet Russia. In Germany his fame was such that he was called "the king of correspondents"; among the foreign newspapermen in Moscow it was conceded that his knowledge of Russian history and of the Bolshevik revolution, and his grasp of the complicated political trends and intrigues in the Kremlin were equaled by few. His sincerity, his ability, and his sober judgment were not doubted. He was a personal friend of the German ambassador in Moscow, Count Brockdorf-Rantzau and participated, on the ambassador's invitation, in many negotiations which were intended to bring about a better and closer understanding between Germany and Soviet Russia.

During my stay in Moscow as an American correspondent from August, 1928, to May, 1929, I frequently saw Scheffer and learned to appreciate, as did all the other American correspondents, his sterling qualities as man and correspondent. We all knew that Scheffer was regarded with disfavor by the Soviet authorities, and that sooner or later he would be told to stay out of Russia, because of his insistence on reporting conditions in the U.S.S.R. accurately, without equivocation, and without regard to the unjust restrictions imposed by the Soviet censorship department. The censors made no secret of their hostility to Scheffer; one of them told me very candidly that Scheffer did not stand in with the Soviet authorities and that they would be greatly pleased if the Tageblatt correspondent should get out and stay out.

To those who are intimately acquainted with the situation in Moscow, therefore, the Scheffer incident did not come as a surprise. What is significant is that it came after Scheffer had been tolerated for eight long years, precisely at this time when the Stalin government has launched a world-wide publicity campaign to advertise its five-year industrialization plan. Obviously Stalin cannot afford to put his pet scheme, upon the outcome of which hangs the fate of his rule, to the scrutiny of a newspaperman like Paul Scheffer. It is convincing proof that things are not as rosy in Soviet Russia as the Kremlin publicity staff would have the world believe. The severest critics of the Soviet government's policy and of the Stalin régime could not have produced a more conclusive bit of evidence of the deplorable economic situation in Russia than has been offered by Stalin himself in banning Scheffer from Moscow at this particular time.

The methods employed by the Kremlin in trying to keep Scheffer out of Moscow, the reasons for its final decision, and the fight made by the Berliner Tageblatt to secure a visa for Scheffer to reënter Soviet Russia, are told in an article by Theodor Wolff, editor of the Berliner Tageblatt, in a recent issue of that paper:

"The refusal to permit Paul Scheffer to return to Moscow did not surprise us in the least. The Soviet ambassador in Berlin, Krestinsky, suggested long ago that we recall Paul Scheffer from Moscow. The Soviet authorities would have been exceedingly pleased if we had agreed to spare them disgrace in the eyes of the world by making it possible for them to say that the undesirable correspondent was not banned by them but was withdrawn by us. Needless to say we refused to consider the suggestion of the Soviet government, and at the same time Paul Scheffer emphatically rejected the advice of Moscow to leave Russia voluntarily. Seeing that their suggestion was not accepted, the Soviet officials launched on a campaign intended to make things disagreeable for Scheffer in Moscow; the 'inner power' and Stalin's ardent followers persecuted him mercilessly.

"All this, however, did not produce the desired effect. We wanted to clarify the situation once and for all—if Moscow desired to get rid of a witness who knows a great deal and likes to speak the truth, then it was necessary to establish that fact before the world in no uncertain terms. It was naive on the part of the people in Moscow to suppose that we and Scheffer would aid them in veiling the facts.

"In September (1929) Paul Scheffer desired to go to Germany and from there to England, because he had been invited to lecture on the subject of Russia in London and Glasgow. He asked the Soviet government to give him a return visa, to which, according to the agreement between Germany and Russia consummated in December, 1928, every German resident in Soviet Russia desiring to go abroad is entitled. But the Soviet government, despite the fact that this was a violation of the treaty, refused Scheffer a return visa, on the ground that journalists cannot be regarded as 'residents' on Russian territory.

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"Paul Scheffer was assured by the Soviet authorities that their action was not intended against him personally, but that it was a matter of 'principle.' That Stalin régime, which ordinarily is so stern and drastic, did not dare this time to be frank and took shelter behind a 'principle,' whose existence became known for the first time through this incident.

"The moving force in all this was the esteemed successor of the Cheka—the Gepeu, which has acquired such notoriety through its mass murders and arrests. The Foreign Office in Moscow ostensibly made an effort to do something for Scheffer—but it had no power against the Gepeu. There could no longer be any doubt that a conspiracy was on to drive Scheffer out of Russia. After communicating with us about the situation, Scheffer left Moscow. Desiring, however, to clear this matter up we requested the Russian ambassador in Berlin to notify Moscow that we were waiting for a final decision on the question of Scheffer's return to Moscow. This brought a telegraphic reply that Scheffer would under no circumstances be allowed to return to Moscow. The reason given was the difference of opinion existing between the Soviet government and Paul Scheffer.

"We need not tell those who have read Paul Scheffer's reports from Moscow and other parts of Russia since 1921 that in his articles there was not a trace of prejudice or hostility. Scheffer scrutinized the Russian situation with the impartiality of a research man. He investigated, recorded and reported with the care of a scientist who uses a microscope, and that was precisely the reason for the extraordinary significance his articles acquired in the eyes of political and economic circles. . . . In Berlin there are correspondents of the Bolshevist press who denounce and ridicule everything that happens in Germany, but no one interferes with them because they are German citizens.

"Scheffer had created for himself a peculiar position in Moscow. Every foreigner who came there immediately went to see him. . . all knew that Scheffer was the best and most honest authority on Russia.

"As regards Moscow, we will content ourselves for the present with the news sent from there by telegraphic agencies, because experience has shown that under the régime of force which exists there now an impartial, honest attitude has become absolutely impossible. This rule of force, which has driven out of Russia its finest and noblest spirits, relies upon the Gepeu and spreads terror through executions and imprisonments. This rule of terror wishes to pursue its fatal course without any witnesses.

"After Paul Scheffer had for years reported to the world the various stages of Russia's development, the present ban against him shows, with the utmost clearness, what the real situation in Moscow is. There is no more convincing evidence of the spiritual decline of the Bolshevist leadership than this inability to understand the significance of its own action. . . .

"Stalin is ignorant of the fact that conditions in the rest of the world are fundamentally different from those in Russia, and he has persuaded himself that after he has tried out the rest of the world he will also be able to conquer it. But instead of showing the world the marvelous blessings that are being bestowed upon the Russian people—and that would have been the proper revolutionary policy—the Soviet government is shutting its windows, locking its doors, and trying to keep out all honest observers."

The tenor of the recent despatches from the American correspondents in Moscow indicates obviously that they resent the Soviet's action on Scheffer. With the arbitrary policy that prevails at present in Moscow no correspondent can be sure of his position there: if Scheffer is barred today, others may be tomorrow.

ST. CATHERINE'S ISLE

By JOSEPH FRANT-WALSH

IF YOU look westward from the hills of Palos Verdes upon the California coast, you will see the island of Santa Catalina floating, as you may suspect, like a purple cloud just where the sky and water meet. Mysterious and remote upon the far horizon's edge, its appeal is irresistible and one feels compelled to journey to its enchanted shores quite like a Jason of a kind.

But it is, perhaps, a disappointment to know that Santa Catalina Island is devoid of sheep whose fleece is golden and that Circe, the classical hoyden, would be smartly drummed out of town did she but set one sandaled foot within the portals of a cafeteria in Avalon, the island town. And though a hasty and unscholarly perusal of the ancient epics fails to reveal that either Homer or Virgil have given us immortal encomiums in its behalf, the island of Santa Catalina is, nevertheless, a place of sure enchantment.

Like the worth and virtue of those naively advertised commodities which "must be seen to be appreciated," the charms abounding on the isle must be experienced to be realized, as the Celts sometimes have it. For one who has not been to Vallambrosa does not know how thickly hang the leaves in that delightful vale; and one who has not walked abroad into the hills of Catalina does not know how warmth and silence, upon a mid-December day, can be as milk and honey unto the soul's delight.

Beyond the town of Avalon, the hills rise swiftly against the western sky. If it was cool within the canyon walls in that hour of early morning, the heights above were glowing vividly and clearly in the brilliant sun. They were rugged and almost shapeless heights, but they were fused and melted and blended one into the other—pinnacle into cliff and cliff into canyon—like huge claps of ancient thunder that had crashed upon the earth and were still prostrate where they fell, but whose jagged and titanic outlines were all but obliterated in the passing of unnumbered years.

Upward and outward rolled the mountainous bulks, folding one into the next in endless convolutions. Rhythmically they marched away from Avalon and its harbor, piling themselves in jumbled phalanxes back across the narrow island. Dull the eyes that would not follow them in their drumless marching; leaden indeed the feet that would not leap onward and up along the winding trail that starts just at the canyon's further end.

It was cool and sweetly fresh along the way; the going under foot was smooth and not too steep. The morning air was still heavily freighted with the bracing tang of sea mists of the night

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before and the grasses, dew-laden, exuded a rustic fragrance that, together with the aroma of the dampened soil itself, was indeed an honest odor and earnest as a peasant's face.

The eye, roving spiritedly along the way, was made distraught at times by blurred heaps and smoky tangles of wild clematis. There was a confusion of dainty and multicolored little blossoms growing closely to the ground in compact and dappled masses beneath a leaning bow—a fashion Keats would have loved, perhaps, and there were aloofly growing simple flowers on simpler stems demurely singular in the best Wordsworthian manner. Suddenly, before your incredulous eyes, there were bright splashes of red columbine like nothing so much as crimson exclamation points poised in the windless air. Dear things they were, the columbine, surprising you in secret places, and if you touched them, dew fell from them down upon your outstretched hand.

We were, now, quite in among the hills, and their lower reaches were solidly clothed in thickets of dwarf live-oak and manzanita, but in regions more exposed against the eternal sun, there grew areas of belligerent cactus, tortuously angular among the scattered boulders. In places, too, sage-brush and chaparral scrambled dizzily up precipitous slopes and at last gave way, as though contrite for wilful rudeness, to waves of trailing grasses so tenderly verdant, now that the rains had come, that it hurt you to look upon their trustful blades. Poor little grasses—how short the time until the sun would be too fiercely hot for their fragile delicacy and they but wither among the hardier weeds for all the sea winds blowing over them.

But looking outward into the further distance from that hillside trail, there lay spread before one and rising in all directions, oddly familiar landscapes like those lovely but improbable backgrounds behind the Italian madonnas. Blue mists still hovered in bower-like ravines, the blue shading smokily upward into vague tones of lavender, rose and buff. Purple and a soft blue-green mantled the hills in places, and from rounded knolls thickly covered by the verdant grass there jutted unexpected rocks that were intricately irregular in shape and richly polychromed by variant accentuations of light and shade. And, finally, there were little trees, perfect in outline and in form, that stood detached and isolated in precarious and defiant attitudes upon the brinks of invisible chasms. One missed and looked in vain for miniature chapels and disproportioned shrines in the distance.

Where was the blue, the gold and the red of the madonna's robe; the intricate and jeweled embroidery of her flowing hems? O, where was she? It was enough, perhaps, that there came into the mind a thought of white and roundly perfect hands holding a smiling Babe. For the hills of Santa Catalina are maternal hills; they shelter you and they fold you in. Hills they are for a madonna to look out from wistfully and though Urbino's brilliant child did know them not, one thinks he may have seen them in a dream.

And while we rested there along the trail, there came floating up to us from Avalon, from farther than we could see against the blinding sun, a sound of chiming bells.

Up and still higher led the way; back and forth; in and out along the mountainside. If we were walking in the shade, a bend in the way led us suddenly into sunlight and, later, as surely back into the shade. We might have been animated figures in a design—a pattern of sunlight and shadow, of barrenness and verdure. And being pleasantly illiterate as to metaphors, I still like to think that it was astonishingly like a fugue of Bach's—this surprising intricacy of curves; this suddenness of digressions; this limitless variety of shifting vistas obscured to be revealed again, after a while, in greater grandeur and bolder relief.

We were nearing now the summit of the island range. A curve or two; a briskly steep ascent, and our goal had been attained. Breathless and nearly trembling with exhaustion, we stood upon the crest.

Climactic as a magnificent and final major chord after intricate and involved passages in a minor mode, there lay before our vision, far, far down below us and running out to the horizon's edge, the open sea.

A field of burnished silver, the calm Pacific glittered in the sun afar, but in the island's lee, the water was a clean, translucent green shading into milky whiteness on the rocky shore. There was no wind; the grass about our feet was still and the rich, warm air seemed weighted with a vast and overwhelming silence. Yet when our ears had grown accustomed to such unwonted stillness, we distinguished the sound of surf breaking upon the rugged shore so far down below us that the lines of shattering waves were but vaguely discernible in the terrifying distance. The sound of them came to us like wind blowing through a distant forest.

There was, a dream-like quality about the scene. We were, one felt, beyond the reach of anything that put its hand against our hearts before. We were free with a strange, fantastic freedom, and we possessed, however fleetingly it may have been, true liberty and a true heart's ease.

A true heart's ease? Not, perhaps, just that. For one was aware of a terrible inability to grasp truly what seemed so near at hand; a painful impotence to behold truly what seemed but barely hidden from our eyes. To sing we had been bidden, but our lips were numb through mumbling too many, many times the tribal incantations of sheer existence.

It is sad that life uses us sometimes in such boorish ways that the passwords to the richer feasts are too dimly remembered when the gate is opened. They are locked securely in our breasts; we cannot frame them with our lips when we are called. We have been afraid, usually, ever to use them at all for we are incurably distrustful and we save them, foolishly enough, for occasions richer than the present. But when the occasion comes, we have lost the precious syllables and we can show to heaven only our empty, outstretched hands. Yet I truly doubt that we had utterly forgotten the passing words for which we groped: there were tears within our eyes. God's footsteps mark the earth in places even still and the most inarticulate among us may kiss them where they lay. To linger in that place seemed unbefitting. When Moses had received the stony tablets, how must he have hastened down the mountain!

Discipline

Life brings me blows instead of balms.
Ah well, such roughness has its use,
Milk-moody heifers will go dry
Beneath a hand that's loose.

Some blossoms sulk their honey too.
I, as a paddocks-woman, know
It takes the heavy humble bee
To make a clover flow.

This sense was left me for my good
By stern old grandams from the west,
Since I, the miser, will not give
Storm me, and seize my best.

EILEEN DUGGAN.

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MOSS

By MILDRED PLEW MERRYMAN

THERE was moss on the live-oaks which surrounded the cabin, long, drooping grey strands that swayed in the wind like hair. Wisps of it fell and caught on her clothes, blew into the cottage. Gradually as it thickened, it choked out the life of the trees. Some were already dead, their trunks grey as the parasite that killed them.

At night when the red flares of the giggers struck behind it, or the moon cut a silver scar on the bayou's face, it became unreal as a picture on a post-card.

Once she had seen an oak snake twisting from a limb. Ever since, she had dreaded to pass beneath the trees. Often as she sat on the porch, watching the loose skeins dangle, distorting her view of water and clean blue sky, she felt as if her brain and her body were stuffed with moss. At every breath she seemed to draw the dust of it into her lungs.

"If I live here long enough," she told herself, "I'll grow queer."

At the back of the cabin a red clay road ran off through miles of scrub oak toward rails that led to the north. Sometimes in the midst of her housework she would pause to stare at the road, wanting to walk and walk—walk out from under the limp grey moss, the blinding sun, back to cold white roads she remembered, lined with naked trees. Through the still, hot, heavy days, her mind kept a picture of blueing snow and bare black limbs flung upward like threads of smoke.

Each morning when her husband climbed into his truck and drove cheerfully away, she seemed to drop out of life behind her curtain of moss. Far away at the end of a red clay road, the world wagged on about its interesting business. People mingled with other people, rubbed shoulders and elbows and minds. Minds needed rubbing together, she had discovered. Left to themselves they grew morbid, sprawled like overgrown funguses.

Suddenly after months of not noticing or caring how time drifted, she would waken to her plight.

"I must get out," she would tell herself, "here I'm almost forty already! I must get out for a little and live. Not living is stupid, sinful; people ought to live!"

Yet each year her will grew softer. At first on coming to the country she had thought, "I'll let nothing slip—we'll live nicely as we always have. We'll be neat about the cabin, ourselves, our clothes." But the spell was so insidious. Eyes that had looked too long on sameness grew dull with looking; damp and rust and mold wrought subtle stains. It was hard to care when nobody ever came.

One morning while she was bending to dump some refuse in the trash pile, her eyes were held by a bit of minute drama. A straw-colored spider that lived on the fence had caught a moth and was slyly weaving it in. The speckled wings of the moth beat frantically to no purpose. Back and forth crept the spider, binding thread after leisurely thread to its quivering prey. As the moth became tangled in stickiness, the speckled wings worked slower.

Withdrawing her gaze from the fence, she let it travel through the moss down to the swamp reeds at the water's edge and over the water lying like flat glass. When she turned again to the web, the wings were still.

"I've got to go," she said aloud; "I mustn't wait any longer! I've *got* to! I'll go—today!"

In the kitchen she lit the kerosene stove to heat water for the dishes. The wick burned yellow instead of blue, smudging the kettle with soot. When the dishes were washed, she put a piece of pork with some snap beans and set them to cook.

"That can be his supper," she thought.

The zinnias on the table were withered. She cut others, her gayest ones, and filled the vase. Then she brought out her battered silver and set the table for one.

"Now I'll get ready," she said.

In the bedroom she stood hesitating, trying to remember what people wore in the world. Her hand moved through the sleazy dresses hung on hooks behind the door. From beneath the ginghams she drew out a dark blue silk and held it up for a closer inspection.

As she twitched at the skirt to remove a wrinkle, the cloth made a ripping sound and shredded apart. Hanging so long in the dampness, the silk had rotted like a web. She shrugged and tossed it into a corner. A gingham would have to do.

Groping through the trunk for her pocketbook, she came on a pair of gloves which had once been brown. Now they were stiff and green with mildew. She picked them up and stared at them. She had forgotten there were such things.

Since she would have so far to walk, she decided to wear her sun hat, her everyday shoes. When she was dressed, she put a change of clothing into a bundle, went back to the kitchen and made some sandwiches for her lunch.

Then with her bundles under her arm, she walked briskly down the steps and away from the cabin. There was nobody on the road and nothing to mark the miles. The trail was narrow, the scrub oak high as her head. Lizards and quail made unseen nervous rustlings in the grasses; crickets ticked their codes. Once a pig crashed through the underbrush and startled her. The rising sun laid a dazzle on earth and sky. Now and then she closed her eyes to rest them. Once a cloud crawled over the sun and brought brief coolness, making the heat more intolerable after it had passed.

As the road began to grow wider, occasionally she drew aside to let a flivver rattle by. In spite of the heat she began to feel exultant, almost free.

"I'm coming alive," she thought; "I'm coming alive!" The sentence ticked in her head, making a rhythm to walk by.

The country seemed much less desolate now; she passed farms and filling stations. When at last she arrived at the cross-roads it was noon.

At the counter of a ramshackle store she bought a bottle of pop and sat down on the steps to eat her sandwiches. A man drove up in a truck to buy gasoline.

"Which way you bound for?" he asked her.

She pointed toward the town.

"Sorry," he said, "be glad to take you, but I'm headed for the bayou."

He lingered to talk to the shopkeeper. As she ate, her thoughts reverted to the cabin—to her husband.

"He'll get along all right," she assured herself, "he'll have trouble at first, maybe—trouble with the pump—the stove—"

At the word stove, her attention sharply focused. She gasped. In her hurry she'd come away and left it burning, the pan of beans on top. Or had she? The harder she racked her brain to remember, the more muddled she grew. What if the cabin were to burn through fault of hers? She hesitated.

"I can't go back," she thought. "I'd never dare leave again! If it burns it will have to burn, and anyway, it's probably happened by now!"

Already the driver had climbed into his truck and started his engine; the wheels had begun to slide. Suddenly she grew frightened; knew she must go.

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"Wait," she called; "oh wait! I'm coming with you!"

The truck pulled up with a chug.

"There's something I've forgotten," she explained. "I have to go back."

Going home she sat stolidly, saying nothing, wondering what she would find. As they drew near the cabin, she caught a glimpse of the chimney, rearing among live-oaks tangled in moss. No smell of burning was noticeable. She climbed the steps and hurried in. The beans were on the table; the stove was cold.

At five her husband drove into the yard. He entered whistling, scanning the table for signs of supper. Two places were set as usual. From the kitchen she brought beans, corn bread and coffee. They sat down.

"Well," he asked, as he picked up his fork, "anything doing today?"

Her hands were busy spreading a bit of corn bread with dripping butter. She did not look up.

"A spider caught a moth," she said, "and wove it in."

COMMUNICATIONS

AMERICA AND THE AGED

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Please permit me to present a few criticisms of an article in The Commonweal for December 18, by Professor Carlton J. H. Hayes which was entitled America and the Aged.

The thesis of that article is that it would be well for the state to assume "responsibility for old age," by granting to its people a right to fixed pensions out of public funds upon condition that they have reached a given old age in a specified state of poverty.

To support that thesis, the writer pictures faults and deficiencies in our provisions for public relief of the needy aged, and then alleges that, in other countries, at least 650,000,000 people are now "protected" through state systems of providing for old age, the implication being that comparative conditions are greatly to our discredit.

The facts, however, are very much to the contrary. In order to make up the 650,000,000 people implied to be in a condition of comparative beatitude, it is necessary to include the entire population of Russia, where some 120,000,000 peasants are being harried by the state, with hardly a pretense of any protection for their aged, and the entire population of many other countries in which, variously, the state systems of protection have broken down, are not yet in effect, are not yet developed to cover more than small proportions of the aged, merely mitigate old-age destitution by doles of from $2.00 to $3.00 per month, etc. Reducing the 650,000,000 fiction approximately to fact by deducting the populations of the countries just referred to, there remain barely 200,000,000 people living under effective state systems of providing for old age that are worthy of the name; and even among such remainder, generally, there is relatively more distress and destitution among the aged than in the United States.

This refutation of an invidious comparison between conditions here and abroad is not meant to imply that we are doing enough for the prevention and relief of old-age poverty; but it is material for the purpose of disposing of the myth that approximately all other civilized countries have well-established state systems of old-age security, uniformly operating so satisfactorily and beneficially as to reflect upon us for not adopting some one of such systems for ourselves.

In line with such myth is the further allegation in the article under criticism that the foreign state systems of providing for old age "have been found workable and of benefit wherever they have been tried." Such a sweeping proposition exceeds the limits of reasonable contention in every direction. Its crucial fault is failure to distinguish. The foreign state systems of old-age protection are of two essentially different types —"compulsory social insurance" and "old-age pensions." Much may reasonably be contended in favor of compulsory social insurance, though some systems of that type have certainly proved to be unworkable and others are producing alarming results, while a majority are yet in an early stage of experimentation. But almost nothing can rightly be contended in favor of "old-age pensions" as a definite solution of the problem of old-age security. State systems of that specific type certainly have a bad reputation; they are widely deemed to be pauperizing, demoralizing and excessively burdensome to the tax-payers. And every government that has long experimented with a measure of the kind has now replaced it, is replacing it or is seeking or hoping to replace it with some form of contributory social insurance. Yet it is specifically this latter type of a state system of providing for old age, discredited by foreign experience, that is being urged for adoption in this country and in support of which the writer of this article cites foreign experience!

Then the article mentions as significant that "Catholic groups have been among the foremost advocates of such measures in Europe." This statement of fact is not questioned. But it is misleading to present it alone to American Catholic readers without reference to the further facts that un-Catholic, anti-Christian, "pink socialist" and "red communist" groups have been more conspicuous and efficient in advocating framing and putting over a majority of the measures referred to, and that in one country near at hand (Canada) the largest Catholic group has been "foremost" in opposing the measure adopted.

There are other statements and many implications and contentions in that article to which serious exception should be taken. Enough, however, has been said to indicate that the case for old-age pensions rests upon dubious premises. But in order to forestall erroneous inferences, it needs to be explained, before concluding, that the opponents of old-age pensions, while primarily seeking to prevent dependence upon the state for support in old age, instead of propagating it, nevertheless advocate a radical reformation of our existing methods of public relief for the needy, whether aged or otherwise, and are no more responsible for the perpetuation of present unsatisfactory conditions among the aged poor than are the proponents of old-age pensions, who are insisting upon their particular program or no reform at all.

P. TECUMSEH SHERMAN.

New York, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—Mr. Sherman has a vivid imagination. He derives much more from my article in The Commonweal of December 18 on America and the Aged than I put into it, and he attributes to me ideas which I have never entertained. I did not say—and I do not think—that economic conditions are worse in the United States than in Europe. I do not admire the Bolshevist experiments in Russia. I am not wedded to "old-age pensions" as opposed to "old-age insurance."

It is a fact that most European countries (benighted Russia included) have for some time been laboring to assure a measure of old-age security to their citizens. If poverty-stricken Europe can so labor with partial success, why should not pros-

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perous America labor similarly and with complete success? Incidentally, I wish Mr. Sherman would name the countries in which "the state systems of protection have broken down." And I hope he won't confuse the issue by coupling old-age pensions or insurance with the "unemployment doles" of England.

Personally, I would prefer a system of "old-age insurance" to one of "old-age pensions," but I prefer the latter to our existing system (or lack of system). My article was directed against the Elizabethan Poor Law and its sorry progeny in the United States, and in favor of any reasonable and up-to-date state-guaranteed security for old age. I was not concerned with details.

I must say that I am tired of attempts to prejudice American Catholics against any and every social reform which happens to be supported by "pink Socialist" or "red Communist" groups. European Catholics are not so easily diverted from their own course; I am sorry if Canadian Catholics are, and I hope American Catholics will not be. We would do well to follow Leo XIII in social questions, rather than to flee Karl Marx. If Marx agrees in any particular with the Pope, it won't be bad for the Pope and it may be good for Marx.

Mr. Sherman seems to agree with me on the basic point which I tried to make—that we Americans are not doing enough for the prevention and relief of old-age poverty. But if he does not like old-age pensions as a remedy, what, precisely, is the "radical reformation of our existing methods of public relief for the needy" which he says he advocates but does not specify?

CARLTON J. H. HAYES.

FATHER MATHEW ON PROHIBITION

Mankato, Minn.

TO the Editor:—Readers of The Commonweal are surprised to see with what frequency the name of the venerable Father Mathew is drawn into the discussion on prohibition. This "noble experiment" is at least a notable experiment, for enough blood has been shed in its enforcement to stage a little civil war, if we include the losses among innocent bystanders, rum-runners, bootleggers, moonshiners and dry agents, nor is the cost unlike wartime bills. Besides this it has split the country into factions called "wet" and "dry" which term is about as descriptive as the War of the Roses was, for the bloody struggle between the houses of York and Lancaster.

It is a safe bet that if Father Mathew returned to this mundane sphere, he would not join either camp, but betake himself to a season of prayer.

Father Mathew was a strong advocate of temperance in his time and it is interesting to read at this late date that Richard Coyne, a Dublin publisher, requested him to write an open letter to his following, to encourage the sale of a twelve-part Bible that he proposed to issue. The letter was dated at Cork, May 8, 1843, and part of it reads as follows:

"As the united bishops of Ireland have especially recommended the faithful, under their jurisdiction to 'read with due reverence and proper disposition' the Holy Bible published by R. Coyne, and as he now proposes to issue the divine volume under the same authority, in twelve parts at sixpence each, so as to meet the means and circumstances of all classes—in order to assist the carrying into effect the recommendation of the venerable prelates, I humbly but most sincerely entreat all the members of the various Total Abstinence Societies—who, I trust, being members of societies, which have produced order, peace, and tranquillity, are prepared to read the Scriptures with 'due reverence and proper disposition'—to avail themselves of such a treasure on such acceptable terms, and thus to join wisdom to temperance or as the Apostle Peter says (2 epistle, i, v. 5-7) 'That employing all care you minister to your faith, virtue: and in virtue, knowledge: and in knowledge, abstinence: and in abstinence, patience: and in patience godliness: and in godliness, love of brotherhood: and in love of brotherhood, charity.'"

It would appear that Father Mathew looked on temperance or abstinence, as he likes to call it, as one of the virtues, and he may even have been imbued with the quaint idea that to have virtue an act requires free will on the part of the actor. There is a possibility that he may have been intrigued with that curious notion attributed to Saint Augustine, that "through the grace of God we may turn our vices into stepping-stones toward heaven"—a ladder was the simile he used, I believe, or as Tennyson neatly puts it,

> "That we may rise to higher things
> On stepping-stones of our dead selves."

It seems to me that Father Mathew does not give much aid or comfort to the prohibitionist. However, if this "experiment" is a success, and Mr. Volstead himself says it is, surely it opens up a wonderful field for the social reformer. What is to prevent us from legislating against all the vices? What is to prevent us from smashing right into the millennium—the thousand years in which Satan is to be chained—perhaps the filling of our jails and penitentiaries with wet criminals is just the morning red of this period.

It may seem a little complicated at first, but come to look at it the Ten Commandments would be a good starting-point. We might have a commission on their enforcement with committees on each one separately, and the whole under the United States Treasury Department. This would insure that prosperity which we know is coming, for we have seen the posters—at least it would give lots of employment.

There is not a question about the feasibility of the plan, when you consider how much more interesting it is to defend virtue on a good salary and transportation and side-arms and all that, than to practise it privately.

Under our present administration which practically committed itself to the task of "leading in the golden year," the dove of peace can soon be forced to hover over the nation.

HELEN HUGHES HIELSCHER.

FARMING AS A BUSINESS

Granger, Ia.

TO the Editor:—As a pastor of a rural parish, interested in the spiritual and material welfare of its members, conscious of the advantages of farm life, of its contribution to our civilization, I desire to question the soundness of Dean Stewart's thesis found in a recent issue of The Commonweal.

Says Dean Stewart: "If civilization is to progress, there must still be a continued movement away from the farm and toward the city."

Civilization is defined by Webster as . . . "A high degree of material and social well-being. . ."; progress as "An advance to a higher degree."

What constitutes social and material well-being? The answer, I presume, is physical health and development—moral habits of behavior according to established standards.

Has industrialism or city life advanced to a higher degree the physical status and the moral habits of human beings? Has it increased the birth rate, or does the farm still furnish the population for the sterile cities? Has employment in the indus-

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tries lengthened or shortened the span of life for men, women and children? Has the rush to the cities enabled men and women to provide better for their old age? Is the revolt against the established standards of behavior more common in the country or in the cities?

I encourage my parishioners to remain on the farm. I quote Cicero to them: "Of all the occupations by which competence is acquired, none is better than farming, none more profitable, none more pleasant, none more worthy the dignity of a free man." Am I *wrong*?

REV. LUIGI G. LIGUTTI.

PROHIBITION AND PRISON PERCENTAGES

Brooklyn, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—The Bureau of the Census of the Department of Commerce has published a report on prison statistics that is interesting reading.

Here is a list showing the number per 100,000 of population admitted to state prisons and reformatories in the following states during 1926:

Dry States

Texas	37.2
Indiana	44.3
Ohio	48.2
Kansas	68.8
Oklahoma	71.7

Wet States

Pennsylvania	15.9
Massachusetts	19.7
Illinois	24.0
Rhode Island	28.4
New York	29.1

Is it possible that prohibition is responsible for the high rates in these dry states as compared with those in the wet states?

HOWARD W. TONER.

OUR NEED OF A DAILY PRESS

Collegeville, Minn.

TO the Editor:—The Reverend George W. O'Toole, in The Commonweal for January 1, draws an excellent sketch of what a Catholic daily paper ought to be, but never so much as mentions "our only Catholic daily" having finished its tenth year of useful and precarious existence. Now if there is a single fact featured in his letter that is not exemplified in all its fulness in the Catholic Daily Tribune of Dubuque, Iowa, the writer would be pleased to have his attention called to it. One is almost tempted to believe that like many other writers on this subject, the Reverend Father is not even aware of the existence of that excellent Catholic daily paper! If he were, would it not have been much more to the purpose if he had explained why it has not achieved the success it so richly deserves? There are many reasons which the writer has discussed before, but here are several of them.

First, a daily must be a real newspaper and news is news only while it is fresh. Nobody wants yesterday's paper because it is full of stale news. Now under present conditions only readers within a certain radius, or zone, can obtain the news the day it is printed. Those in the second zone will receive it one day late; those in the third zone two days late, and so on. A national daily paper cannot possibly reach all its readers the day it is published. Hence the number of readers of the Catholic Daily Tribune is almost negligible.

Another trouble is that every reader of a daily paper wants local news and local advertisements which a national daily cannot possibly give for five hundred or more cities. Comparatively few person may be discovered who would care to pay for two daily papers.

Instead of trying to build up a chain of Catholic dailies at an enormous cost, would it not be far cheaper to purchase space in secular papers already established, as two young men did in Pittsburgh some years ago? A million persons were eagerly reading them at the end of one month!

The first Catholic Truth Society of America organized under the auspices of Archbishop Ireland adopted as its first article, "The publication of short timely articles in the secular press (to be paid for if necessary) on the fundamental doctrines of the Catholic Church." This is like hiring a taxi instead of purchasing a costly limousine to do our shopping. It is "carrying the war into Africa" instead of waiting for the lost sheep to return to the fold of their own accord.

WILLIAM F. MARKOE.

SCIENCE AND RELIGION

Rochester, N. Y.

TO the Editor:—What is meant in the review signed William F. McGinnis by the following sentence, page 319 in The Commonweal of January 15:

"The careful reading of this book of Father Ross's will satisfy many a perplexed mind, will actually convince that the ablest exponents of physics, chemistry, etc., are men without faith, without religion."

REV. P. PROSPER LIBERT,
Librarian, Saint Bernard's Seminary.

(We regret deeply that a typographical omission from Monsignor McGinnis's manuscript gave his sentence a meaning opposed to what he intended. The sentence should have read: "The careful reading of this book of Father Ross's will satisfy many a perplexed mind, will actually convince that the ablest exponents of physics, chemistry, biology, anthropology, astronomy, are by no means *men without faith, without religion."—The Editors.)*

BIBLE READING IN THE SCHOOLS

Baltimore, Md.

TO the Editor:—In The Commonweal of January 1, the Reverend A. Wagner questions a statement made by me in my recent article, Bible Reading in the Schools, regarding Bible reading in Nebraska schools. He says a decision I cite is "a commissioner's decision" since reversed. He may be right but I quoted the Chief Justice of the South Dakota Supreme Court who referred to Freeman vs. Scheve 65 Nebraska Reports at page 876. If the Chief Justice was in error I was too. The Freeman case may have been overruled but it is certainly not a commissioner's report.

MARK O. SHRIVER.

EVOLUTION OF A MODERATE DRINKER

Philadelphia, Pa.

TO the Editor:—I was struck with the cherry-pie anecdote with which the Reverend J. Elliot Ross closes his paper, Evolution of a Moderate Drinker.

Is it possible that there has grown up a generation to whom the adorable fatuities of Lord Dundreary are unknown?

AGNES REPPLIER.

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THE PLAY

By RICHARD DANA SKINNER

Death Takes a Holiday

THIS play, from the original Italian by Alberto Casella, has been a long time in reaching the New York stage. For some years Norman Geddes dreamed of producing it in truly imaginative style, but was unable to get the necessary backing. The present adaptation is by Walter Ferris, the production by Lee Shubert, with Lawrence Marston directing and Rollo Wayne designing the setting. In idea and in execution, it is an engaging fantasy, which manages to present a novel thought with an unexpected sense of reality. It is only in the closing moments of the last act that its fabric of invention grows thin and its central idea fails to mature completely.

Imagine, if you can, a moment in time when Death, belonging to the world of eternity, becomes curious to know why mortals fear him and cling to life. Imagine, further, that to satisfy his curiosity he decides to take a holiday and to assume for three days human form and to subject himself to human appetites and emotions. During the period of this holiday, nothing dies. The processes of decay are halted. No leaves wither and fall. No accidents happen. It is a sort of concentrated springtime. And during this springtime, Death learns the meaning of human love. He begins to understand at last why humans fear him, why they grow attached to familiar objects, and why the parting with loved ones seems unendurable. In spite of this, Death remains puzzled to the end, for he knows eternal is so much simpler than temporal life.

Obviously this idea offers endless possibilities in specific treatment. The particular plot selected to illustrate the idea is simple. Death appears in semihuman but still forbidding form to Duke Lambert just as he is arranging a house-party at his castle. Death reveals his plans to the petrified Duke, promising him that no harm will come to any of his guests, unless the Duke reveals the identity of his strange visitor. Death explains that he has recently "visited" Prince Sirki (one of the guests expected that evening) and that the Duke can let him masquerade as the missing Prince. By bringing the lamp of illusion with him, Death can completely disguise his real aspect and be free to move among unsuspecting humans. The one thought he cannot bear is to have them shrink from him as they have done through countless centuries.

Among the many guests is Grazia, daughter of the Princess of San Luca—a fragile and lovely child. Death (alias Prince Sirki) falls deeply in love with her. She is the only one who does not instinctively fear him. In the end, when it is time for Death to end his holiday, he once more strips himself of all illusion and asks Grazia if she will go with him. She says she has known him from the first in his true form—and departs with him.

Whether or not you regard this as a morbid tale depends on how far you accept the author's premise that life at best is but a transient and painful existence, compared to which eternal life should be the mystic goal of all. Certainly in the detail of the plot and action, much of the morbid sting is removed by many passages of delicious comedy—Death's embarrassments in his first human contacts, the sly double significance of everything he says, the contrasting attitudes of the various characters as, all unsuspecting, they discuss life, love and eternity in Death's presence. Thanks to a beautiful performance by Philip Merrivale, Death becomes, as the author intended, quite an engaging and romantic figure, and not a little pathetic withal. Yet . . .

The conspicuous missing link in this chain of fantasy is, of course, the absence of all concept of God in reference to eternal life. There have been saints aplenty who have prayed for death as the moment when the only true life would begin. But this is in the positive terms of seeking the vision and the love of God. Either the author or the adapter (it is quite impossible to tell which) has preferred to beg the question by a sort of vague doctrine of wish fulfilment. Nor has he even partly compensated for this, as he might easily have done, by making Death, in the last few moments of revelation, a brilliant figure of deliverance, in contrast to man's everyday sinister illusion. That is where invention fails in the last act. If the audience could be, so to speak, let in on the secret, and permitted to see Death at the last as Grazia herself must have seen him, then the author's idea would have reached full maturity, and one would have felt almost ready to pity the other characters on the stage, to whom Death still remained a symbol of horror.

Essentially, then, the idea of the play is at one with belief in life as a brief pilgrimage, and Death as a revelation of higher life. It simply does not go far enough—as if the author (or adapter) felt a curious timidity in driving his thoughts to a triumphant conclusion. Comedy and irony succeed in making it reasonably palatable, but not in giving it the supreme note which it might have struck in the hands of a poet with Dantesque vision and faith.

Rollo Wayne's setting of the great hall, with a vision of the moon-drenched garden beyond, does much to create a believable mood for this novel fantasy. Mr. Marston's direction is also smooth and persuasive. Mr. Merrivale's supporting cast is excellent. Frank Greene, in particular, as a major in the Foreign Legion who has often caught glimpses of Death, gives us a few moments of inspired simplicity. Rose Hobart as Grazia is utterly believable in her fragile directness. Among all the recent plays which attempt to toy with the supernatural, this one approaches nearest to successful illusion, both in the possibilities of the script and in their realization. A little more courage and it might have assumed genuine proportions as a modern successor to the older morality plays. (At the Ethel Barrymore Theatre.)

Children of Darkness

TWO married couples now effectually dominate the New York stage. Alfred Lunt and Lynn Fontanne have a niche of their own at the Theatre Guild. Basil Sydney and Mary Ellis have a similar niche wherever they happen to be playing. They are both excellent teams and in different ways.

The latest Sydney-Ellis play is by Edwin Justus Mayer, with settings and costumes by Robert Edmond Jones. It concerns the outrageous doings of a group of upper class criminals in Newgate Prison, London, in the year 1725. From the jailer himself, up and down, they are the worst group of grafters, murderers, highwaymen, pickpockets, poets-in-debt and aristocratic degenerates one could imagine crowded onto one small stage. As to the jailer's daughter, Laetitia, her indiscriminate favors give the key to most of the graft her father is able to extract from his unwilling lodgers.

There is, of course, a redeeming touch of vagabond heroism

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in the person of Count La Ruse (Basil Sydney). But much of the play is merely broad and bawdy farce, accented here and there with downright melodrama. A tragic note precedes the final curtain, only to be swept aside by a lecherous remark of that old reprobate, Lord Wainwright. In fact, the whole play is quite frankly keyed to lechery, raucous, outspoken and robust after its fashion. It has at least the good grace to seek no concealment under hypocrisy and sentimentality or the infantile smirks called sophistication.

It does seem as if the singular talents of Mr. Sydney and Miss Ellis could find more useful employment. Both La Ruse and Laetitia are "fat" acting parts, but the play itself, mentioned on the program as being "in the picaresque manner" is so obviously a mannered imitation that its bawdiness must be considered deliberate rather than spontaneous. It just adds one more to the long list of plays which rob the stage of the beauty, sensitive intelligence and illumination which should be its inheritance—particularly when serving as the vehicle for such artists. (At the Biltmore Theatre.)

Waterloo Bridge

THE erstwhile author of The Road to Rome, Robert Emmett Sherwood, has gone back over the years to write that sentimental play about the street-walker which emerges from four out of five incipient writers. In this case, it is a young American, on sick leave from the Canadian army during the war, who meets an ex-chorus girl, also American plying her trade on Waterloo Bridge, proceeds to fall in love with her without understanding what she is (the device of an air raid gives plausibility to their meeting) and then wants to marry her. The girl (June Walker) falls equally in love, but abandons the boy (Glenn Hunter) rather than disillusion him by telling the truth. A garrulous landlady does tell him the truth, however, which does not alter his determination. He is recalled suddenly to the front, and finds the girl once more, just before his train leaves, back on Waterloo Bridge.

Unlike Ladies of the Evening, and many other plays similar in theme, Waterloo Bridge offers no sensational scenes. In that respect it is as quiet as a village tea-party. But inevitably it is filled with a lot of talk of "the trade," and I cannot see the slightest new light which it sheds on the ancient profession. The girl is self-sacrificing—but no one has ever suspected that even the lowest types may lack certain genuine impulses. The good-hearted girl of the underworld has been the subject of thousands of published and unpublished stories. To add another to the list, even when it is endowed with much sensitive writing and acted with rare discretion by a capable cast, is merely to try one's patience needlessly. Waterloo Bridge merely skims the surface of sentimental half-truths. (At the Fulton Theatre.)

Wake Up and Dream

CHARLES B. COCHRANE'S imported review, featuring Jack Buchanan, Jessie Matthews and that superlative dancer, Tilly Losch, is a strange compound of unusual beauty and wit with much that is wearisomely trite. Cole Porter's music is delightful and refreshing, and the dances of Tilly Losch—who was first seen here with Reinhardt—are worth an admission in themselves. Her hands alone have the eloquence of genius. But the long series of jokes and sketches on marital infidelities are stale and obvious beyond belief. It is a serious reflection on American audiences that the British, when they prepare a show for us, believe they must resort to this kindergarten sex sophistication. (At the Selwyn Theatre.)

BOOKS

Strange Companions

The Drift of Civilization, a Symposium: The Future of Science; The Future of Man; The Future of America. New York: Simon and Schuster. $3.00.

WHEN Socrates sat with his fellows at a symposium there was a certain intellectual homogeneity in the group. But in the modern symposium you have not only one mind contradicting another, but one mind incapable by nature or by training of understanding the other. So in the present volume: what mental fellowship can there be between Count Keyserling, who believes in and writes on Spiritual Progress, and Albert Einstein, who hammers home a materialistic philosophy; or between William Howard Taft, the conservative, and Martin A. Nexo, an avowed Communist, who after a sojourn of three months in Russia returned to his native Copenhagen enthusiastically confident that the Soviet savages are benefactors of humanity? Or again, what can we make of the cheek-by-jowl companionship of Benedetto Croce and Bertrand Russell? Politics make strange bedfellows, but these symposia, now so popular, make much stranger table companions.

However, we who read the newspapers, skipping swiftly from a tale of bawdry to the story of the conquest of the Antarctic; from the detailed horrors of a bloody murder to the account of some beautiful act of self-sacrifice, manage somehow to pass from Dean Inge to Stephen Leacock, from Maxim Gorky to Guglielmo Ferrero, and not feel the sensation known to those who bump the bumps at Coney Island. There is the legend of the man who enjoyed reading the dictionary even though the transitions were abrupt. So, somehow, we moderns find that we can skip smoothly from Croce's apologia for Christianity (as understood by himself) to H. G. Wells's inevitable fault finding with America, and from James Harvey Robinson's ill-natured critique of all past ages, to Paul de Kruif's continuation of his fascinating story of The Microbe Hunters.

Perhaps, too, there is not unwelcome exhilaration in reading, for example, Dean Inge's contemptuous refutation of democracy, especially American democracy, and being riled thereat, but continuing and having one's feelings soothed by the more understanding treatment the same subject receives at the hands of Keyserling and Siegfried. Keyserling, though indeed not blind to the faults and dangers of America, says, "Democracy works better there than anywhere else. A greater percentage of people is happy or contented. There still seems to be a chance for everybody, and therefore, the belief in the indefinite progress—a belief dead in post-war Europe—is still alive." We may take that as an antidote to H. G. Wells's opinion (dogmatically expressed as usual) that in the reconstruction period "America gravely and solemnly demonstrated that for all the practical ends of the situation, she did not know anything at all. . . . Nothing new came out of America, nothing fresh, nothing looking forward to that great Pax Mundi." Of course, the obvious truth is that something new and fresh and promising did come out of America. It was presented at Versailles by Woodrow Wilson, but it was kicked under the table by the old-line diplomats, whom Philip Gibbs called so justly "the same old gang."

The most irritating essay (perhaps some would say the most stimulating) is that of James Harvey Robinson. Its keynote is the sentence "We never get over being an animal and some of the worst mistakes of the past have been due to the failure to recognize ourselves as animals." You may feel like sitting

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down and writing a snappy retort to that ignoble opinion. But you need not, for a few pages further along you find Hans Driesch saying:

"Modern metaphysics as well as modern psychology has re-established the ancient problem of immortality as a legitimate one. One day psychology in the form of psychical research may decide this question for the future. Even now it is allowed to consider so-called spiritualism as a legitimate hypothesis, and the number of the scientific personalities who are inclined to accept hypothetically this doctrine is augmenting from year to year. And is not immortality in the last resort the very problem of all philosophy and science?"

All in all these essays, which, by the way, were written for a newspaper, the St. Louis Post-Dispatch, to celebrate its golden jubilee, are worth while. It is obviously impossible to quote or even to call attention to all the good points made by its twenty-six heterogeneously minded contributors. If the reader cares to make one more effort at understanding Einstein, there he is; if Henry Ford is more intelligible, Henry is at hand. Richard Byrd shows that he has a cultivated mind and a philosophy as well as skill in aviation. The most highly imaginative article, and to one reader at least the most stirring, is that of Paul de Kruif already referred to. He calls it The Death Fighters. But perhaps the most appropriate and most cheerful sentiment in a volume purporting to be a glimpse into the future is that of Rudolf Maria Holzapfel who, in his essay on The Possibilities for an American Culture, writes:

"As Washington freed the Americans from the overlordship of England, as Lincoln freed the Negroes from the despotism of plantation-owners, so commanders of the spirit will one day arise to liberate the soul."

JAMES M. GILLIS.

Innocuous Civics

The Other Side of Government, by David Lawrence. New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. $2.00.

"MY OBSERVATION leads me to believe that government officials conscientiously try to do their duty and that irregularity and scandal are the exceptions which prove the rule. If some are mediocre, it is the fault of the people who vote to send them to Washington."

With such optimism, David Lawrence introduces his work on The Other Side of Government, a work intended "to express the spirit of governmental activity rather than its functions or technical aspects." Mr. Lawrence has set out to be nice to our federal government and to say nothing low, mean, or nasty about it. The lord mayor of Chicago, Mr. Thompson, or the Daughters of the American Revolution, or Senator Heflin and all the guardians of law and order could not find the influence of perfidious Albion, the propaganda of Moscow or the secret machinations of the Vatican within this innocuous treatise on our government. It might safely be used in the schools of Tennessee, Arkansas, Chicago or New York.

The chapters are sometimes tantalizingly brief. The President's powers are disposed of in large type on six diminutive pages. One feels constantly on the verge of getting full information when suddenly the supply is cut short. Can it be that Mr. Lawrence hopes by this method to whet our curiosity and to send us on private expeditions to government sources for further information? It is indeed a noble mission!

Yet this telescoping of the problems and the activities of government may lead to misunderstanding. Muscle Shoals, for instance, is still a very important public question. There is bound up in this problem the method of treatment of our great power resources. Should not a matter of this nature be treated clearly and fully if treated at all? Of Henry Ford's offer to purchase Muscle Shoals the author says: "Henry Ford made a bid to lease the plants for 100 years, offering to manufacture fertilizers at a profit to be fixed by the government and to lease the power." Whether we believe Mr. Ford a philanthropist or not this statement is inadequate. Mr. Ford offered to produce commercial fertilizer at a cost not to exceed 8 percent on the manufacturing cost. No one knew on what the manufacturing cost was to be computed—whether, for instance, the right of the lessee (Mr. Ford) was to be counted in, whether the value of the water power was to be the basis, or whether the bare cost of manufacturing fertilizers was to determine the price. The introducer of the Ford proposal in the House of Representatives said he did not know the basis of computing the manufacturing cost. To say that Mr. Ford guaranteed a price is inaccurate. It should also be stated that Mr. Ford wanted a lease for 100 years and at the conclusion of that period he stipulated that his assigns were to have first option of releasing.

In connection with the same story we read further on, "The American Cyanamide Company has made an offer to lease the project (Muscle Shoals) which is described by its sponsors as better than the Ford offer. This is disputed by Senator Norris who thinks the Ford offer was better for the government than the latest plan of that type." In connection with such a statement there should be an explanation that this in no way meant to imply that Senator Norris favored the Ford plan. The fight of the great Nebraska Senator against this plan was one of the biggest of his public career.

Mr. Lawrence concludes his book with a chapter entitled, The Call to Public Service. In this he places great faith in the product of the colleges and universities as a regenerative force in public life. He would speed the day when college men and women will look forward to careers in government service as is the custom in Europe. More frequently than at the present he would have them run for public office. But to make certain that more of this type do run he would spare them uncharitable criticism. In democracies, however, we cannot guarantee by custom, and we would not guarantee by law immunity of public officials from condemnation—either just or unjust. By the elimination of the most culpable public servants we may increase the confidence of the public in their government and may thereby spare the more sensitive officials and would-be officials the mental anguish which accompanies ingratitude.

JEROME G. KERWIN.

The Recluse of Salem

Hawthorne, by Newton Arvin. Boston: Little, Brown and Company. $3.00.

FROM the first to the last paragraph of Mr. Arvin's extraordinarily able study of Hawthorne, a study which is at once a biography, an interpretation and a criticism, the reader consistently experiences an odd but pleasing conviction. For as each orderly, accurate, thoughtful page gives place to the next, he becomes sure that here is a work which commands not only respect but admiration because of the sheer carefulness and thoroughness of its execution. He sees, too, with not a little delighted surprise, providing he is familiar with much of the new biography, that Mr. Arvin is no ringmaster with cracking whip who has a few tricks of his own to divulge before showing off those of his chief performer, but rather that he is quite content to stay behind the scenes.

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Mr. Arvin has admirably managed a difficult job: the successful mingling and intermingling of three purposes. For, as we noted at the start, his presentation of Hawthorne is perhaps not so much biographical as interpretative, perhaps no more interpretative than critical. His biographical facts at the very outset include two which strike the key-note of his book. "None," he writes, referring in his first paragraph to the thirty-eight youths who made up the class of 1825 at Bowdoin College, "was to be more inconspicuous than the son of a ship captain's widow from Salem, who had just distinguished himself in two dubious but characteristic fashions—by paying a fine rather than take a commencement part to which his reasonably high scholarship entitled him, and by refusing to have his silhouette made for the class gallery." And throughout his 300 pages it is this "estrangement" of Hawthorne's from all that makes for solidarity in personal or national life which forms at once Mr. Arvin's thesis, his explanation of the man and his work and the unifying effect of his study.

The book is vivid as well as careful and thoughtful, bright and alive in its splendidly chosen diction as well as in the pictures it affords. One will not soon forget "those strenuous, alert, pragmatic, unimaginative Yankees, going about their prosy business as if Rochester or Hartford were the centre of the universe and 1830 the very summer of the golden age"; nor the "Virgilian" tasks at Brook Farm, that inexhaustible manure pile which Hawthorne called his "gold mine"; nor those long, still days at the Manse, spent after his marriage to Sophia Peabody in "the solitude of a united two."

Fully as vivid also is Mr. Arvin's revelation of the American character, a vividness heightened by the inevitably swift approval and corroboration of the mind of the reader. The major aspect of our history he conceives to be "a movement from the centre outward," "dispersion not convergence"; and this aspect he illustrates by citing types, noble and ignoble, from the adventurous colonist and the philosophic anarchist to the tax dodger and the bootlegger—all dominated alike by a common distrust of centrality, all actuated by a kind of spiritual pride. It is this pride which accounts for, which, indeed, *is* the tragic end of Hawthorne's characters as well as of the man himself.

Mr. Arvin's book is in every respect one of the most noteworthy of the year just passed. Of all recent studies of Hawthorne it is without doubt the most intelligent, the most thorough, the most illuminating. It is beautifully written; it contains not one dull page. It has none of that "romantic individualism," which is characteristic of so much modern presentation and which Mr. Arvin himself deplores.

MARY ELLEN CHASE.

Rostand's Last Play

The Last Night of Don Juan, by Edmond Rostand; translated by T. Lawrason Riggs. Yellow Springs, Ohio: Kahoe and Company. $2.50.

EDMOND ROSTAND, the most successful dramatic poet for over a century, who created Cyrano de Bergerac and gave Bernhardt two of her greatest vehicles, La Princesse Lointaine and L'Aiglon, died in 1918. He left behind a literary last will and testament, a poetic drama entitled La Dernière Nuit de Don Juan. The two main parts of the play had been completed before the war, but it was necessary to reconstruct the prologue from fragments much erased, and to supply the stage business.

The resultant play is a challenge to hedonism which should have particular significance in these hectic days of pleasure-chasing. Rostand grants to the legendary gallant of Romance myth—the lover Don Juan—all the delicious fruits of his erotic conquests, and then subtly, slowly, lets him sink into the well of his delusions. In the prologue the devil has hold of Don Juan, to take him to hell; but Don Juan is granted his freedom when he beseeches ten years more to play the corruptor. The first part then opens ten years later, in Venice. Don Juan is brooding on his thousand and three victories in love when the devil, in the form of a puppet showman, appears and sets up his stage for Don Juan's amusement. The devil suffers many witty sallies from Don Juan, first in the form of Punch, then undisguised, and seems to come off second best to the proud apostle of carnality. Serene in his self-sufficiency, Don Juan is ready to be taken; but he reminds the devil that the victory is an empty one, for he goes as an immortal conqueror, unvanquished even by the devil himself:

> "I mock the paradise
> Reserved for innocence; for one I've lost
> I have regained a thousand."

Whereupon the list of his women is produced. All these he has possessed, says the lover. The devil parries,

> "I know the devil can possess, of course,
> But—man? Possess? Possess?"

And he conjures up the masked souls of all the women Don Juan boasts of having had. The rest of the play is between Don Juan and the ghostly women, as one by one they rip his debonair conceits to tatters. First, he cannot tell them apart, though he thought that he had "grasped their naked souls." Then his pride at having dominated women is undermined as they tell of the sundry ways in which they have forced him to their own will for seduction. Yet "there remains the fact of having pleased"—and they reveal the contemptuous, unmanly little things in which he pleased them. One by one the disillusionments are piled upon him; and as despair gradually seizes the mighty gallant, the devil's comments grow more trenchantly ironic. At last his pride is utterly demolished; he realizes he has loved little, known less, created nothing; he asks only to be led off to hell. But the devil mocks his vainglory even in this desire, and turns him into an eternal puppet in the show as Don Juan vainly pleads:

> "I long to suffer!
> I've never suffered! I've a right to hell!
> I've earned my hell!"

Underneath the charm of polished phrases that sometimes glow with epigram, sometimes with pure poetic beauty, there is the rich allegory. The play deserves fine production and many a reading. Too much praise cannot be given to Father Riggs for his exquisite translation from the French. Those who wish the delight of reading the translation along with the original (which can be found in the 1921 bound volume of L'Illustration) will appreciate how effectively he has rendered the loose rhymed Alexandrines into English blank verse.

On the whole Father Riggs has remained close to the original; but he has in some places wisely taken the translator's liberty of changing into appropriate English idiom subtle phrases that would lose the full spirit of their meaning if translated literally. Indeed, the play as Father Riggs has given it to us, is a work both of intense beauty and moral force, a worthy companion to Brian Hooker's translation of Cyrano and Basil Davenport's translation of L'Aiglon.

HARRY MCGUIRE.

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Troubled Eygpt

Egypt's Past, Present and Future, by J. Morton Howell. Dayton, Ohio: Service Publishing Company.

EGYPT seems to have taken the place of Ireland in British politics, in so far as it is a continuing source of trouble. This may be due to the impossibility of certain minds in Britain even now to realize that force is no ultimate remedy in politics. Though Dr. Morton Howell does not pursue the subject of Lord Lloyd's commissionership and its implications as evidence of a policy, which he might well have done, it is curious to note that ever since the Transvaal War of 1899-1900 whenever the Conservatives have been in power, they have sought either to impose their opinion by force, or to threaten force in order to gain their way. The Boer War was force in operation to gain a certain position; the fight in Parliament over the Finance Act, the Parliament Act, were again the threats to use the overwhelming force of a Conservative House of Peers; while the ghastly Irish outrages approached within measurable distance of civil war. Cromer, Allenby, Lloyd were apparently members of this school of political thought. The presence of Dr. Howell would serve as an antidote to such mentality; indeed the description of the action taken by a committee of three diplomats, of which Dr. Howell formed one, in discussing the question of the relative positions of the diplomatic agents, makes excellent reading.

There are omissions in this volume which are surprising; for instance the American minister makes but little comment on the cost of government in Egypt prior to the war and since the declaration of sovereignty and independence. The comparison is remarkable for in 1914 the cost of the personnel was 5,900,000 pounds, but in 1924 it had risen to 12,600,000 pounds; the permanent officials had risen from 16,600 to 32,800, while provisional officials increased from 2,500 to 11,300, and the daily paid employees from 38,000 to 102,000. Nor is there any mention of the speech of Zaghlul regretting that a "true Zaghlul ministry in name, in sense and in blood" had not been based on his own relations (November 3, 1924).

Though the volume indicates a certain diffusiveness in matter, it should serve as a pleasing introduction to Egyptian affairs and policies for those who desire to understand and know more thoroughly the recent history and developments of the Land of the Pharoahs.

BOYD-CARPENTER.

Masefield Collected

Poems, by John Masefield. New York: The Macmillan Company. $5.00.

MR. MASEFIELD has been at least as prolific as Longfellow. It seems to me, after reading the nigh unto one thousand pages of the present collection, that the two have much else in common. They can tell a story in metre remarkably well, avoiding both the tedium which an artist bent on expressing pure inspiration can hardly sidestep after 300 lines, and the empty verbal whirr of the rhymed novelette. Again, both are realists. Of course Masefield, with his countless proper names and his technical jargon, seems to us far more aware of actuality than the author of Evangeline. And yet it is a grave mistake not to see that Longfellow was, for his day and age, a confirmed realist. For this reason he admired the German Romantics, the Spaniards and Dante. If he never got far above the realm of his blacksmiths and Priscillas, it was not primarily because of the immaturity of his idealism but because there was so very little in the American scene of his time except idealism. Finally, both poets are alike in their addiction to the simile, in their fondness for onomatopoeia, and in their constant return from excursions in more recondite forms to the simple ballad stanza. When Masefield writes,

> "The hunter blew his horn a note
> And laughed against the moon;
> The farmer's breath caught in his throat,
> He fell into a swoon,"

we are properly reminded not of Coleridge, but of

> "The skipper he stood beside the helm
> His pipe was in his mouth,
> And he watched how the veering flaw did blow
> The smoke now west, now south."

I am far from being contemptuous of such poetry. Nobody need offer apologies for virility, epic sweep and sustained ability to characterize men and landscapes. It would incidentally be a novel sight to behold one of our younger Shelleys, staking his all on an intricate lyric conceit, veer out into the wider reaches of an epic having the dimensions of The Everlasting Nay (or even Hiawatha, for that matter). The only modern poet who has tried anything of the kind without drowning is Yeats, and Yeats is incomparably the greatest poet in English since Browning. But one reluctantly concedes that Masefield, who has fluidity and narrative verve, is certainly not stirred by so much as a breath of the grand passion. You will look in vain through this fat book for a single unforgettably masterly line, which men like Milton could turn out by the hundreds. Masefield's phrasing is never infallibly right, is indeed almost infallibly faulty. Forever essaying epigrams, he turns sententious where Housman is inspired. And quite similarly one is oppressed by so many pages in which the quest for something like an illuminating philosophy ends with the advertisement of a platitude. It may be true, let us admit, that Masefield has never been so ridiculous as Kipling. But one makes almost the best possible definition of these two representative modern poets of English life by saying that Kipling can leap to heights beyond his reach in such marvelous lyrics as The Last Chantey, while Masefield, after a tremendous jump, invariably discovers that, after all, he has caught nothing more lofty than—shall we say?—his own hat.

AMBROSE FARLEY.

Letters from the Front

German Students' War Letters, by A. F. Wedd; translated and arranged from the original edition of Philipp Witkop. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $3.00.

THIS translation of letters written by German students is the most pathetic, perhaps the most affecting, of any of the war books. It is a compilation made from some twenty thousand missives from the front, written to relatives and friends, chiefly in the first two years of the war. The writers were university men studying philosophy, theology, medicine, law, and for almost every variety of profession.

Their letters offer a series of telling contrasts. The old spirit of militarism was one of heroics, but in this work there is nothing of that false point of view. As one letter says, "One never takes a real battle lightly. When one is in the midst of it and fully conscious of its reality, one can speak of it only in the most deeply earnest spirit. How many a quite

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young married man have I seen lying dead! One must not attempt to sweeten or beautify such a thing as that." Another contrast is that offered between the degradation caused by war, and the spirit of brotherhood, as its diametrical opposite. Thus, in another letter we find "this war is simply a matter of hounding men to death, and that is a degrading business. We can indeed be thankful that we are not to blame for it, for even as it is, one often feels absolutely sickened by it."

These are more or less obvious antitheses. Even greater contrasts arise when deeper emotions are awakened. For example, a constantly recurring note of hope frustrated is presented side by side with a growing belief in immortality. Ambitious youth asks if it is never to have a chance to do anything, to create anything. As one writer puts it, "This longing for productivity after having been for twenty years merely receptive, makes it hard for me to think that my life is no longer my own." But this is not all. The same young writer who denounces war as a degrading business declares that the sight of the dead has no effect on him at all, for the look of these pitiful remains proves to one how little this mortal body has to do with the immortal soul.

The terrible thing about this book is its presentation of the absolute waste of promising young lives. Perhaps, as one young philosopher says, it is easier for the young men to face death than for the older ones, who are the fathers of families; but there is, he argues, more yet than this: "I too feel that I have a mission in life. I believe that I have a message to deliver and I long to give back to mankind some of that rich treasure which God has put into my heart."

The writers of these letters were all killed. Their book is another argument for peace that the world war produced.

EVELYN A. CUMMINS.

Propaganda Fictionized

The Red Napoleon, by Floyd Gibbons. New York: Jonathan Cape and Harrison Smith. $2.50.

MR. GIBBONS is the war correspondent for the Chicago Tribune. Lacking a real war to cover, he has invented one, world-wide in scope, in which the proletariat of Russia and Europe and the submerged yellow races of the East unite to sweep the capitalist class from the seats of government. The conflict is conceived on a stupendous scale, involving vast bodies of infantry and cavalry; swarms of airplanes, battle cruisers and submarines; long-range artillery, destructive explosives and deadly chemicals: all supported by intense industrial activity behind the lines.

There are people who believe the United States to be in peril of an invasion such as Mr. Gibbons describes. To them international Communism and the yellow peril are real, if not immediate, threats to our safety. Mr. Gibbons predicates the invasion of this country upon a state of unpreparedness that he insists is real. Europe is hostile; England, underneath a mask of professed friendliness, is jealous; and the colored races are resentful of our discrimination in the matter of immigration. Still, unmindful of these smoldering animosities, our pacifists talk glibly of reducing armaments and international peace. When the hate of Europe and the East is turned upon us, we shall be unready. Such seems to be Mr. Gibbons's thesis.

The critical reader, however, will not see in the book any more than it really is—a mildly interesting thriller, obviously written with an eye to the circulation of the weekly magazine in which it appeared serially.

JOHN C. O'BRIEN.

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Briefer Mention

White Narcissus, by Raymond Knister. New York: Harcourt Brace and Company. $2.50.

MR. KNISTER'S success with his background, slightly marred by too obvious symbolism, does not extend in equal measure to his characters. The reader is given too little of the actual in a situation which naturally piques interest. The Lethens, mother and father, live in an amorphous world which is seen as darkly as the details of the quarrel which led them to hatred of each other and the determination that, although resident under the same roof, no word would ever pass between them. Immersed in such an atmosphere, Ada Lethen's fear of love was innate nor was Richard Milne's character sufficiently dominant to force her, a slave to parental duty, into any acceptance of love. In the fifth angle of this queer pentagon stood the grim and miserly figure of the farmer, Carson Hymerson, whose mad endeavor to seize the Lethen estate determined the plot's only action and avoided a stalemate. His final journey to an insane asylum and Frank Lethen's sudden enraged smashing of the narcissi on which Mrs. Lethen lavished all her love and care resolved the plot into the happy one of love's fulfilment and a reconciled mother and father. This dénouement, particularly in view of the many more interesting developments which might have resulted from Richard's power to thwart Hymerson's villainies, is rather disappointing. Nevertheless White Narcissus is a decidedly good novel by a young Canadian who shows virility and promise.

Men and Morals, by Woodbridge Riley. New York: Doubleday, Doran and Company. $5.00.

BEING a review of the philosophic moralists from primitive anonymity to William James, Men and Morals covers a great deal of territory. It seems a case of Woodbridge Riley getting in the way of Woodbridge Riley. One finds a goodly amount of lucid thinking offset by incautious rhetoric and hazardous generalizations. For one shrewd remark about the influence of evolution upon Victorian "complacency," there is another flippant comment on something or somebody else. In general the chief value of the book to Catholic readers would be its effectiveness as an irritant.

Seven Women, by William N. John. New York: J. H. Sears and Company. $2.50.

SEVEN women assembled for a charity meeting are interrupted by the scandal of a servant girl presuming to have a baby, and each of the worthy ladies picks up a stone to throw at her. As a picture of provincial existence, the book is remarkable, and the more so in that it is singularly free of intrigue, unless the servant girl's wanderings from the path of virtue can be called by that name. It is a simple book, and this simplicity is what constitutes its attraction and its literary worth. It stands out among a mass of novels and deserves to be remembered.

Mimi Bluette, by Guido de Verona; translated by Isabel Grazebrook. New York: E. P. Dutton and Company. $2.50.

THERE is here a pretentiousness which sometimes lessens the effect of otherwise skilful construction and graceful prose. The idea that an essential purity and goodness can remain her principal attraction, that Mimi never changed emotionally during her very busy and sensational life, is presented as a fact rather than an illusion. She completely bewitched her biographer.

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Berkeley Square, by John J. Balderston. New York: The Macmillan Company.

THE printed version of this Broadway hit stands up well. Creating an atmosphere nicely balanced between reality and fantasy, the author poses the notion of a twentieth-century young man who, brooding in an old house in Berkeley Square in London, projects himself back into the eighteenth century, where he becomes his ancestor in all exterior characteristics. But in the back of his mind he retains his twentieth-century habits, and his knowledge of the past which amusingly becomes prevision from the mystified point of view of the lords and ladies of Queen Anne's time. When, as his ancestor, he falls in love with the lady he did not (as his ancestor) marry, and has to choose between remaining in the eighteenth century as a kind of present-future hybrid or returning to the twentieth century and losing his eighteenth-century love, the entanglement grows rather bewildering even to the reader. And yet one vaguely senses the nuances of the time-relativity idea upon which the author's imaginings are based; and as the play has charm, wit and is skilfully constructed, it leaves a subtle, very pleasing impression.

On the Margins of Old Books, by Jules Lemaitre; translated from the French by Clarence Stratton. New York: Coward-McCann, Incorporated. $3.00.

M. LEMAITRE writes himself down as a "prophet of the past" in his address to the French Academy, designed to serve as preface to this book which is, on almost every count, full of charm and thought and wisdom. In rapid review, the Margins range from the Iliad, the Aeneid, the Gospels and Golden Legend, through the middle-ages, to Madame de Sévigné and some proclamations of General Bonaparte. While the stories are uneven there are very few that seem beside the mark. Only a Frenchman could have written in this discriminating way.

Ten to One in Sweden, by Paddy Sylvanus. New York: D. Appleton and Company. $2.50.

FOR those who seek delightful tales, one stage in the quest may be halted at this point. The "English Miss" supplies vivid pastels of Swedish life and customs; chronicles without monotony or strain the amusing but central activities of a large family; and makes the most of an unusual sojourn in the north country. The book is really a charming substitute for a trip one would like to take but cannot.

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